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FARMER STEBBINS AHEAD.

[Sequel to "Farmer Stebbins on the Bowery."]

Dear Brother John,—
I'm very glad you sent that money through,
By Cousin Seth, and not by mail, as I requested you!
The fam'ly's just so much ahead: 'twere best it never came,
If Jeroboam Jones had twined his fingers 'round the same.
For that young man has principles fit only to abhor,
And isn't the kind of relative that I was looking for!

My sakes! Millennium's nowhere near, when men so false can be
As to equivocate themselves into my family tree,
And on its honest branches graft the shoots of their design,
And make me think they're good because they're relatives of mine,
While under those fraternal smiles a robber's frown is hid;
But that's the inappropriate thing that Jeroboam did!

When Cousin Seth the tavern reached whose clerk o'ershadows me,
He cried, "Where is my long-lost son I've come so far to see?"
And so, to fill that father's heart with resurrected joy,
I twisted 'round with him a bit, to try and find the boy;
And coming where I had the luck that hymn-book for to win,
I opened quietly the door, and both of us went in.

The Superintendent still was there; he gave a little start,
But welcomed us, apparently, with overflowing heart;
And told us all about the work, and how 'twas getting on,
And how much money those who gave unto the cause had won;
But Cousin Seth, though much impressed with what he heard and saw,
Said he didn't fix the envelopes, and b'lieved he wouldn't draw.

Just then the door was opened quick, and with a solemn grin
Young Jeroboam Jones appeared, and sidled softly in;
And with him was an older man, who looked enough like me
To've been a reg'lar Stebbins too, so far as one could see;
But slapping Seth upon the back, I said, "My duty's done,
For this is Jeroboam Jones, your long-lost oldest son!"

"My 'long-lost oldest son'?" said he: "he's 'bout as much my son
As you are the belovèd babe of Gen'ral Washington!
It strikes me that my married life was very much amiss,
If I'm responsible for such a sneakin' face as this!
He's blinded you by his supposed relationship to me:
He's no one I have ever seen, or ever want to see!"

As when a fog above a field the sudden breezes tore,
You spied a thousand things you did not even miss before,
So all the facts of this affair, as clear as summer skies,
Straightway arranged themselves before my reconstructed eyes:
That these were not veracious men, and this no Sunday-school,
And naught was what it seemed, except one old bald-headed fool!

I held those two deceivers out, with unassisted strength,
And by the collar shook each one to my arm's furthest length;
They gasped and danced and skipped around, without a word to say—
They put their heads together in a new and painful way.
"One hundred dollars fifty cents, and not a penny less!"
I shouted; "and I'll send you back your hymn-book by express."

When finally in my discourse a breathing pause occurred,
The Superintendent counted out the cash, without a word,
Which, with a manner dignified, I coldly repossessed;
And, still retaining Jeroboam, that scamp I thus addressed:
"And so you are the bogus friend and relative, so free
To spend his time a-making fools of poor old men like me.

"I'm Supervisor of the town where I have lived so long:
There ain't a man in all that part will say I've done him wrong;
There ain't a man will claim but what I'm ordinary keen;
But when I plant myself in town, I grow exceeding green,
And any kind-expressioned man, who acts a civil part,
Can always find my soul to home, and house-room in my heart.

"It's sad for such a smile as yours to find so sad a fate;
And there's *some* good in you—at least enough to use for bait;
Without *some* kindness in your heart, you couldn't have hauled in me;
And as to how you've used your gifts, just pause a bit and see.
I've gambled, by your calling it a charitable name,
And my self-valuation sunk with unaccustomed shame.

"I've done what I'd have whipped my boys for even looking at;
And don't suppose but what I own part of the blame for that:
I thought I saw a chance to make five dollars out o' one,
Which, with strict justice all around, is very seldom done.
But up to that outrageous point, remember, I was led
By your assumed relationship, and several things you said.

"Do you reflect, young man, upon the fruit you're growing to?
There's prison grates a-waiting now to stand in front of you.
There's grief of unexpected kinds, and every sort of shame,
To send you some time from this world much poorer than you came.
Your guilty head you hang before us sinners standing by:
What angle do you s'pose 'twould take 'mongst angels in the sky?

"There's hope e'en on the death-bed for a square, straightforward thief,
But *Judases* have always come to most peculiar grief;
The Lord has pity, I suppose, for erring men and weak,
But no good satisfact'ry place in which to put a sneak.
And when a man wins men's esteem, then thrives by their mistakes,
He makes himself a bigger fool than all the fools he makes."

Then my adopted relative I seated in a chair,
With amply necessary help, and sev'ral pounds to spare.
Then Seth and I with dignity bade both the scamps good day,
Advising them to gain their bread in some dissimilar way;
And as we thundered down the stairs, with heavy rural tread,
I felt that I'd at last come out some several rods ahead.

Will Carleton.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1883.

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PROPOSALS FOR A NEW PARTY.

TAKING advantage of the political calm which naturally follows the adjournment of Congress in the middle of a Presidential term, Mr. HENRY GEORGE has stated his view of the necessity of a new party. By his work upon *Progress and Poverty*—a treatise upon political economy which is written with singular clearness, and which has commanded universal attention as a significant contribution to social science—Mr. GEORGE has earned the right to be heard, and to have his suggestions carefully considered. According to the most copious report of his recent address that we have seen, he holds that the usual division between parties is the line between special privilege and equal rights, or, as he expresses it, between the moneyed power and the people. In this country he thinks that the Federal, the Whig, and the Republican parties have represented the first. But where, he asks, is the party that represents the people? The antithesis of moneyed power and the people as applied to parties in this country does not seem to us to be felicitous, because the Republican, which he calls the party of the moneyed power, has done more to secure equal rights than any party in history, and what Mr. GEORGE calls its seizure by the moneyed power is merely the support which financial enterprise always gives to a strong government *de facto*. Thirty years ago the same "moneyed power" sustained the Democratic party, which was merely the political agency of the strongest and most aristocratic form of the moneyed power in Southern slavery and Northern trade.

Mr. GEORGE admits this fact without apparently admitting its bearing upon his general theory of the significance of parties. He does, however, concede that the party now called Democratic, which he ridicules as a party of the outs, willing to profess anything or to abandon anything to get in, is not the party of the people nor of equal rights, and he justly asserts that there is no hope in this country for a party that does not know what its principles are. The Democratic party was disgracefully beaten in 1880, he thinks, as it deserved to be, and as the moneyed power in his judgment has mastered the Republican party, he holds it to be a good time to reconstruct parties. He calls for a party to raise the standard of a true democracy, and he finds its principles in the Declaration of Independence—which, however, has been the working chart of the Republican party. He recites the principles, freedom of person, of speech, of the press, of conscience, and of trade. As a matter of fact, none of these forms of freedom, except a modified form of revenue tariff, has ever been promoted by the Democratic party. During the life of Mr. GEORGE that party has been the great enemy of the popular freedom and equal rights proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence, and it is singular that he should suppose this party to have represented the people. Its strength has always lain among the extremely rich and the extremely poor. In its palmy day it was an alliance of Southern aristocracy and Northern ignorance. For more than a generation it has never represented the distinctive intelligence, industry, and morality of the American people. It is not to the body of voters who now call themselves Democrats that Mr. GEORGE can hopefully look for any intelligent comprehension or maintenance of the freedom asserted by the Declaration of Independence, and which is the legitimate American tradition.

This perhaps he does not expect, and when he advances to his next proposition he moves quite beyond the sympathy of any large number of persons in any existing party. Mr. GEORGE holds that the Declaration of Independence virtually affirms, or necessarily implies, that the land of a country is the common property of the people of that country, and his demand for a new Democratic party, after praising JEFFERSON's doctrine of the limited function of government, affirms that we must nevertheless not shrink from extending its powers for the public benefit—the ancient plea of despotism—and not only must the government hold the land, but it must take possession of the railroads and the telegraphs, and maintain them for the people. This is certainly not what is generally understood to be the Jeffersonian idea. It is what is known as Socialism, in which the State becomes a "paternal government," and the mainspring of liberty, which is individual independence and energy, is broken. The address of Mr. GEORGE is significant as the first word of the kind from an American who has ably studied the question, and it is an interesting contrast with the views which Professor SUMNER is unfolding in our pages. The Professor would be surprised to be described as unfriendly to the true principles of American freedom and greatness, and as the advocate of the moneyed power against equal rights.

MORE WATER.

THE Commission appointed by the Mayor of New York at the request of the Senate of the State to report upon the question of an increased water supply for the city have made a clear and decisive and unanimous report. The subject is one of the highest importance, and it has been treated by the Commission with a due sense of responsibility. The present Croton aqueduct delivers from 95,000,000 to 98,000,000 gallons of water daily, and more can not be expected from it. When it was built the population of the city was 350,000; it is now 1,300,000. In consequence of this enormously increased demand the present aqueduct is inadequate, and in many parts of the city the water will run only on the lower floors, or even in the basements and cellars. The Commission have no doubt of the necessity of an increased supply, and they are agreed that the most feasible source of an additional supply is the Croton watershed, which will satisfy the daily consumption of the city until it shall exceed 250,000,000 gallons. A new aqueduct for this supply should not be less than fifteen feet in clear inside diameter. Its length would be twenty-eight or thirty miles, and it ought to be built in two and a half years, at a cost of not more than $500,000 per mile.

But to secure the city against the consequences of drought, the capacity of the storage reservoirs must be increased. The present capacity is 8,586,000,000, but in order to be sure of a daily supply of 100,000,000 gallons, additional storage for 4,000,000,000 gallons must be provided. As to further provision, the Commission are not agreed whether it should be made by one great reservoir known as the Quaker Bridge, or by a series of smaller reservoirs on the Croton River and its branches. The Quaker Bridge Reservoir ought to be built within five and a half years, at a cost of $5,000,000.

Here is a great public work of immediate necessity, and therefore a possible tremendous job. A fair amount to pay for the aqueduct would be perhaps $15,000,000 or $20,000,000. But this can easily be made $50,000,000 or $100,000,000, and it will be made so if the control is suffered to fall into the hands of those who look upon public works as mere public plunder. The Commission recommend that the work be intrusted to "an unprejudiced Commission," and that it be executed by "competent and reliable" contractors, and with "the greatest impartiality." To this end it should be as carefully protected against the class of persons known as "politicians" as against thieves. Here is a work the application to which of common-sense, which is the essence of civil service reform, will save the tax-payers of New York twenty or thirty or fifty millions of dollars. If the new and indispensable aqueduct is built under the system which was followed in the new Court-house, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the new Capitol, the cost will be appalling. But if the people insist that it shall be built upon business principles, the cost will be reasonable.

A DISMAL RECORD.

A SHREWD observer might well conclude that the extraordinary result of last year's election in New York was craftily designed to demonstrate the insincerity and the incapacity of the Democratic party. The Democratic Governor was elected by an enormous majority. In many ways, as in the veto of the five-cent fare bill, and in declining to appoint harbor-masters in the city, he has shown a regard for the public faith and for public economy which proves that had he been a fair representative of his party he would be the leader of a great political change. But the better his action, the less he represents his party. The harbor-masters exact certain fees. The Supreme Court of the United States declares them to be illegal. Nevertheless, ship-owners continue to pay them, and the Democratic Governor refuses to appoint any harbor-master while the system of extortion continues. Common-sense and the least party sagacity should lead his party in the Legislature to support him. But, on the contrary, it proposes to deprive him of the appointments, and, to make sure of the plunder, it gives the New York appointments to the Mayor, who is a Democrat, and the Brooklyn appointments, not to the Mayor, who is a Republican, but to the Democratic Comptroller.

The same Democratic Legislature, against the report of its own Democratic committee, refuses a Republican the seat to which he was plainly elected. The Superintendent of the New Capitol is a Republican, and properly disregards politics in his subordinate appointments, which it happens that he has bestowed upon Democrats more than upon Republicans. But the Democratic Legislature wants his place and that of the Republicans whom he has selected. Probably the enforcement of a great Democratic policy of government requires that the floor-scrubbers of the Capitol should be Democrats. The State Survey has been conducted for six or seven years in a most efficient and economical manner under the supervision of an eminent Commission. The work is wholly independent of politics or party, and has been so prosecuted. But the Democrats quietly strike out the appropriation, abolish the Commission, and transfer their duties to the office of the State Engineer—unquestionably that the work may be put into politics, and that the Engineer whom they hope to elect next year may find the patronage ready for distribution.

The abolition of this Commission and the suspension of the work is a public wrong, and has provoked universal indignation. In 1824, DE WITT CLINTON, after devoting fourteen years to promoting the Erie Canal, was suddenly and overwhelmingly, without charge or reason, peremptorily removed from the office of Canal Commissioner. But the just indignation of the State made him the next Governor. The omen is happy. For many years the Democratic party has made the welkin ring with the cry of civil service reform. The New York Democratic Legislature has had excellent reform bills before it, and upon the motion of a Republican it has prohibited political assessments, simply because it did not dare to insult public opinion by their continuance. But the excellent bills for reforming the service it leaves untouched, or evades by favoring an investigation to see if reform be necessary. The conduct of the Democratic Legislature of New York has thrown great light upon the political situation. It has demonstrated the utter futility of the Democratic party as a means of reform or progress. It has shown the party to be a mere desperate combination for spoils, without principle or policy, without the instinct or capacity for wise legislation, and even without the lowest form of party cunning. Its only merit is that it does not even pretend to be meritorious.

CHRISTIANS AND CRIMINALS.

GOVERNOR BUTLER's proposition to receive sealed and private communications from State prisoners, and his harangue to the prisoners at Concord, with the extraordinary tone taken by Democrats in the New York Legislature in regard to the revolt in the workshops at Sing Sing, induced a Democratic newspaper to ask whether its party proposed to identify itself with the criminal classes. But no executive or legislative folly in regard to prisoners, no sentimental treatment of criminals, should close any mind or heart to the truth that our prison and penal system demands intelligent reform, both in the prisons and in society, reform in public feeling toward criminals, and in their treatment. Society and every honorable member of it has a distinct duty toward crime and criminals. To say that the spirit of reform in prisons breeds crime by cosseting criminals is to betray total ignorance and an indolent shirking of duty. It is the man who sneers at "treating a scoundrel like a saint" who multiplies scoundrels. It is just the lazy, shallow, stupid indifference which holds that humanity and reason and experience and common-sense applied to prisons and prisoners are mere sentimental nonsense which made the jails of England in the middle of the last century what LECKY describes and what JOHN HOWARD discovered.

We have seen no more eloquent and forcible statement of the duty of good citizens toward criminals than that made by Rev. Dr. HENRY C. POTTER, of New York, in a paper read before the Church Congress in Richmond, Virginia. Dr. POTTER is eminent and foremost among conservative, reasonable, and sagacious Christian philanthropists. No good cause appeals to him in vain, and his aid is as efficient as it is constant. The precise subject of his paper was the relation of Christianity to the criminal classes, and he holds that the present attitude of Christian people toward criminals is essentially unchristian. "The jail-bird—this is the fowl turned verily out of the Christian ark, and for whom the deluge never subsides."

Dr. POTTER points out what is constantly forgotten, that the criminal class is twofold. It consists of hardened offenders and of tyros. Now the first duty of a sensible community is not to permit the former class to become pest-breeders, and not to apprentice the latter class to them to become experts in iniquity. Criminals must be carefully and rigorously classified while within the prison, and punishments must be

adjusted so as not to insure the spiritual ruin of first offenders. Honest and reasonable men and women also should scorn to treat such offenders, when released, as the vilest of pariahs. Our duty to convicts is by no means wholly discharged by making prisons nurseries of crime. It is not enough to declare the criminal to be a hopeless brute, to lock him up securely, and to deliver him over to the mercies of attendants who have been selected because they are nimble political runners and lackeys. The same good sense which is gradually renewing our systems of charity must reform our prison system, and those who feel the necessity of action must not be deterred by the fear of being accused of coddling scoundrels. Sir Samuel Romilly's amelioration of the penal laws did not increase crime. On the contrary, it secured the enforcement of reasonable penalties. That demagogues may try to propitiate the dangerous classes by relaxing necessary prison discipline is not a reason for despairing of a humane, efficient, and reasonable prison system. But such a system can be established only by those who do not weary of well-doing.

SAVING NIAGARA.

The Niagara Park Bill has passed the Assembly of New York by a vote of 68 to 40. It was warmly debated for two hours, and Mr. Erastus Brooks cogently and eloquently set forth the reasons for its passage. The opposing argument was twofold: the plan was derided as sentimental, and the cost was condemned as not a proper burden upon the public Treasury.

The first of these arguments applies to all the highest public interests. Religion, patriotism, education, are all capable of derision as sentiments. It is an argument which denies the practical value of all moral and emotional considerations. The actual administration of justice depends largely upon the sentiment of the sanctity of an oath. Those who ridiculed the friends of the Niagara project as *æsthetes* should also mock at the requirement of an oath as Puritanism. If man does not live by bread alone, it is not less true that the highest interests of states are not what are called material interests. No more prophetic word was ever spoken than that of George Mason in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. "Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." It was a recognition of the actual power of sentiment in national life, and no man who does not perceive it can comprehend the strongest public force, or can be called a statesman.

The second argument, that it is not a proper expense, of course falls with the first. No money is more wisely expended for public uses than that which is judiciously given to public parks and pleasure grounds, libraries, and historic and artistic collections. Use is not a quality which is limited to things eatable and drinkable. The beauty of a public building is properly secured at the public expense, and the sublimity of a great natural object belonging to the people is wisely protected at the common cost. Should the bill pass the Senate, of which there should be no question, there is little doubt that the Governor will appoint a commission of the highest character, and as those who are most interested in the project are resolved that it shall not be a job, there is really hope of the proper completion of a truly great public work.

A MEDITATION ON THE MAYOR.

Last autumn a great many Democrats insisted that Mr. Edson would make as good a Mayor as Mr. Campbell, and voted for him accordingly. The argument for Mr. Campbell was that the Mayoralty is not a political office, and that a man who had shown great efficiency in municipal administration, who heartily agreed that it should be kept free from politics, and who was supported by men of all parties, would probably make a better Mayor than a gentleman without municipal experience, whose nomination was the result of a bargain among politicians, and who was the especial candidate of the most disreputable political organization in the country.

The argument was fruitless, and the political candidate was elected. His official conduct has been in general what was anticipated. His first appointments were such as Tammany Hall approved, and his last appointment is apparently the result of a bargain which can hardly be otherwise than distasteful to the Mayor, although he has ratified it.

A committee of citizens of the highest character urged the Mayor to appoint to the Excise Commissionership only men of a high sense of public responsibility in so important a trust. He responded that he would certainly use his "best judgment." A Commissioner resigns, and the Mayor appoints a noted politician, the "heeler" of another politician, and the favorite of the rum-selling Board of Aldermen. The Mayor has perhaps read Mr. Tilden's exposure of the old Tweed Ring. He learned from it that the secret of the power of the Ring was "a deal" between the city politicians of the two parties. He knows the result. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that many Democrats who voted for the Mayor, but who desire decent municipal government, already sincerely regret their vote.

FIRE-PROOF HOUSES AND CARS.

The experience of the last few months has called public attention with startling emphasis to the increasing loss of life by fire. The catastrophe at the Cambridge apartment-house in New York, and the burning of the "sleeper" on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the latter happily without fatal results, are the most recent warnings. It is obvious that more stringent building laws are required, and that provision for greater security of life is imperative.

Fire-escapes in buildings, as the words are commonly understood, are not enough. A narrow ladder offering the only means of escape from a crowded factory, for instance, would be choked by a panic-stricken throng of human beings. The proper use of an iron ladder or two on the outside of lofty buildings requires a coolness and care and patience and intelligence which can not be assumed to exist under the circumstances. All buildings which are designed to hold great numbers of persons—hotels, factories, apartment-houses of every kind—should be required by law to be practically fire-proof. It is not the fire-escape, but the fire-proof building, that is wanted.

And why, as the *Herald* suggests, should not railway cars be built of uninflammable material? There are iron ships, and iron could be certainly adapted to the construction of cars. Civilization is very imperfect so long as increased security in travel does not keep pace with increased facility. The cost of ornamentation in cars could be well diverted in great part to making them fire-proof.

A NEW RITE FOR DECORATION-DAY.

The grand marshal for Decoration-day in Brooklyn has been, we believe, already appointed. There will be the usual holiday, the military parade, the oratory, the scattering of flowers. But ex-Governor Seymour has made a suggestion which is well worthy of attention, although we confess there was a time when we thought that the ex-Governor could make no suggestion in regard to such a memorial day that we should not oppose. Happily in the graves which Decoration-day covers with flowers many an old enmity and anger and difference, without any change of conviction, is buried.

Governor Seymour proposes that, in strict harmony with the sentiment and purpose of the day, it should be also a day of tree-planting. In many rural villages there is one day in spring when the villagers turn out and smooth the village street, and trim the paths and grass, and prune the old shade trees and plant new. This pleasant work might well be done on the memorial holiday, and it would increase its beautiful associations.

AN ENGRAVING OF LONGFELLOW.

A very beautiful pure line engraving of Longfellow by Charles Burt, chief engraver of portraits and vignettes for the United States Treasury, has just been published by Frederick Keppel. It is from the photograph taken in his seventieth year, which is much liked by the poet's family and friends, and it is an admirable likeness, although the expression is a little severe for a man ever bland. It has all the refinement and sweetness and tranquillity which were not less the qualities of the poet than of his verse, and it will probably become the familiar and accepted portrait.

MR. PATRICK EGAN'S VIEWS.

Mr. Patrick Egan, the treasurer of the Land League, left Dublin suddenly during the recent disclosures in regard to the assassination of Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish, and he has arrived in this country. It was naturally supposed that his departure from Ireland was hastened by apprehension of the exposure of some kind of complicity upon his part with the crime. This suggestion Mr. Egan indignantly spurns. But in an interview with him, which is reported in the *Herald*, he says that he wrote from Paris at the time of the assassinations that he should resign the treasurership of the League if the League should offer a reward for the apprehension of the assassins. And this course he explains by saying "that numbers of innocent men had been already sacrificed in Ireland, and that the crown had sufficient odds on its side anyway."

This remark, if it be correctly reported, means that the crown had assassinated more innocent men than the Irish party. Mr. Egan, of course, can see the bearing of such a remark. He declares the assertion of his sympathy with the murderers to be unqualifiedly false. But the tone of this remark conveys the impression that he held the assassinations to be merely a retaliation in kind, with the account not yet square with the crown.

Certainly it is not surprising that a man who frankly announces this view should be suspected of sympathy with the assassins. If Mr. Egan thinks that the Phœnix Park murders were simply smiting a tyrannical government with its own weapons, why should he indignantly repel the suspicion of approving murders which his remark intimates to have been only a set-off to the crimes of the government?

PERSONAL.

James Buchanan was the last Democratic President of the United States. His life as a statesman and public man covered a long period of prosperity and peace in the progress of the country, and that culmination of political differences and personal ambitions and passions which in his administration as President led the country into its most fearful peril and suffering. The period thus included in the *Life of Buchanan*, by George Ticknor Curtis, which Harper & Brothers have in press, is one of intense interest. Mr. Buchanan's personal notes and memoranda, made from day to day, his extended correspondence before, during, and after his Presidency, furnish such an amount of indisputable evidence as to the causes of events, and the positions of eminent men, Northern and Southern, in reference to the events, that the biography will be necessarily one of the most interesting and important volumes of American history. It will be read calmly, and its revelations will be properly valued, now that the country desires the truth of history as a guide for future statesmen.

—President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, says that the average health of the male students of that institution is not so good as that of the female students.

—The Rev. Dr. J. F. Elder, a Baptist clergyman of New York city, laments that in his denomination there are only three-fifths as many ministers as churches. "The Methodists have all the men they can use, and I am not aware of any complaints in point of numbers in the ranks of the Presbyterian or Episcopal ministries. The Congregationalists, however, join our cry of distress."

—The late Judge Lucius Q. C. Elmer, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, was for forty years a trustee of Princeton College, for many years the President of the New Jersey Society of the Cincinnati and the Cumberland County Bible Society, and one of the most distinguished and honored citizens of the State.

—A New York merchant, while on a visit to Rome, gave an Italian sculptor an order for a standing figure of Joan of Arc, and when the work had been finished was invited to the artist's studio to inspect it. "We Americans," said the New-Yorker, examining the pedal extremities of the figure, "are great admirers of beautiful feet in a woman; but these feet are too broad and flat: suppose you trim their sides a little and raise their insteps?" "But, signore," interrupted the sculptor, "the woman's whole weight is resting on her feet, and that necessarily flattens them." "Pooh!" replied the patron of art; "I want ideal feet. So take your knife, please, and pare down the sides." The sides were pared, and the statue was at once accepted and paid for.

—John G. Whittier's health this winter is better than it has been for several years.

—A Dutch dramatist has written a play in four acts on Gambetta's life, with a prelude entitled "Gambetta's First Love."

—Alexander H. Stephens had a big head on a small body. "Is that Stephens," asked a large North Georgia man one day in his presence. "If I greased him under the ears, I could swallow him whole." "I have no doubt of it, my friend," replied the little Governor; "and you would then have more brains in your stomach than ever you had under your hat."

—Among the lady millionaires of Philadelphia are Mrs. Thomas A. Scott with $10,000,000, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore with $5,000,000, Mrs. Anne W. Baird and Mrs. Matthew Baldwin with $2,000,000 apiece, and Mrs. A. E. Borie, Mrs. George Fales, and three Misses Fales with $1,000,000 each.

—Jacob Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, and afterward a conspicuous rebel, has recently made public the fact that under his auspices a plan was organized for releasing the Confederate prisoners in several Federal camps in the Northwest, during the session of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1864. He furnished the money, but his emissaries at the critical moment "could not be got up to the point of making the assault."

—A newspaper correspondent complains that "the press didn't let foolish Mr. Wiggins alone; it gave him a gratuitous notoriety. Millions of dollars are actually lost to the country, and who is to blame for it all—foolish Mr. Wiggins or the press?" The first duty of the press is to print the news. How many millions of dollars does the correspondent think would be lost were the news not printed?

—The Comte de Paris is forty-four years old, fresh-complexioned, and slender, with a high, unwrinkled forehead, and a reputation for justness and gentleness that would ill become a despot. He reads all sorts of newspapers—monarchical, imperialist, republican, radical—and a great many of them.

—Apropos of the recent death of Heine's wife, whose temper was said to be not of the sweetest, the following words of the famous poet are recalled: "I mean to leave all my money to my wife, on condition that she shall marry again. I long to be regretted after I am dead, and I am certain that whoever marries her will regret as long as he lives that I ever died." But all Heine's money was only a thousand dollars a year, and this his widow had without changing her name.

—The late weather prophet Wiggins expresses his conviction that "people like to be frightened."

—It is pleasant to receive so cordial an approval as that contained in the following letter addressed to the Postmistress of Harper's Young People by the father of one of her young admirers, who desires to "heartily thank her for the manner and method of her work." He writes: "The good, healthy tone of the letters and your comments, and the bringing together of children of all classes and all sections of the country so intimately, are doing more than could be done in any other way to make all who now look to you as their friend, good, wholesome, American young women and men. Your work, then, aside from the interest and amusement it affords, is educating a generation, and acting as an antidote to the less healthy tone of society in our larger cities."

—The Rev. Isaac L. Nicholson, rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, with a salary of $15,000, has been elected to the Bishopric of Indiana, with a salary of $3000 and a house.

—There were nearly 200,000 colored soldiers in the late war for the Union—more than one-half of them from the Slave States; and the spirit of these men, says a late re-unioner, was the spirit of the colored Sergeant Planciançois, whose last words, as his regiment was about to storm Port Hudson, were: "Colonel, I will bring back these colors to you in honor, or report to God the reason why."

—A traveller who recently visited the residence of John Dunn's Zulu queens in South Africa describes a small court-yard, containing two or three tiny huts, where a young woman is nursing an almost white infant, while a boy of the same complexion stands by her side. Three or four other girls, large and fat, as African beauties always are, talk and giggle, their necks and waists profusely ornamented with broad bands of white, blue, and red beads, and their only clothing a very small apron.

—"Physicians say," wrote the late Mr. William Cullen Bryant, "that the patient's desire to see the doctor is very sure to increase with the lateness and unseasonableness of the hour."

—In a most appreciative review of *Shandon Bells* the critic of the London *Academy* remarks that the peculiar quality of Mr. William Black's work can be indicated only in an indirect and allusive manner: "We feel the charm, but feel also the difficulty of analyzing it, just as we should feel the difficulty of analyzing our delight in the balminess of the air on a tropical June morning....Of Mr. Black's still-life there is no need to speak. He is a master of detail, but detail is never the master of him; and for giving the very atmosphere, the spirit, the emotional quality, of a landscape, it seems to me he has no equal among living novelists. His rivals are among workers with the brush and the etching-needle, not with the pen."

—In a recently published letter Carlyle says that he was "not only no friend to the sonnet, but a declared enemy to it," and that he never read even a sonnet of Milton or Petrarch without some conscientious protest as he went on.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury denies that he is in favor of marriage with a dead wife's sister. "The alteration of the marriage laws as to sisters and wives would, in my opinion, be disastrous to morals and peace." Meanwhile the Earl of Dalhousie has sent to this country for testimony in favor of such an alteration.

—The wife of Minister Astor, who arrived in Rome an invalid, is reported to be almost well again.

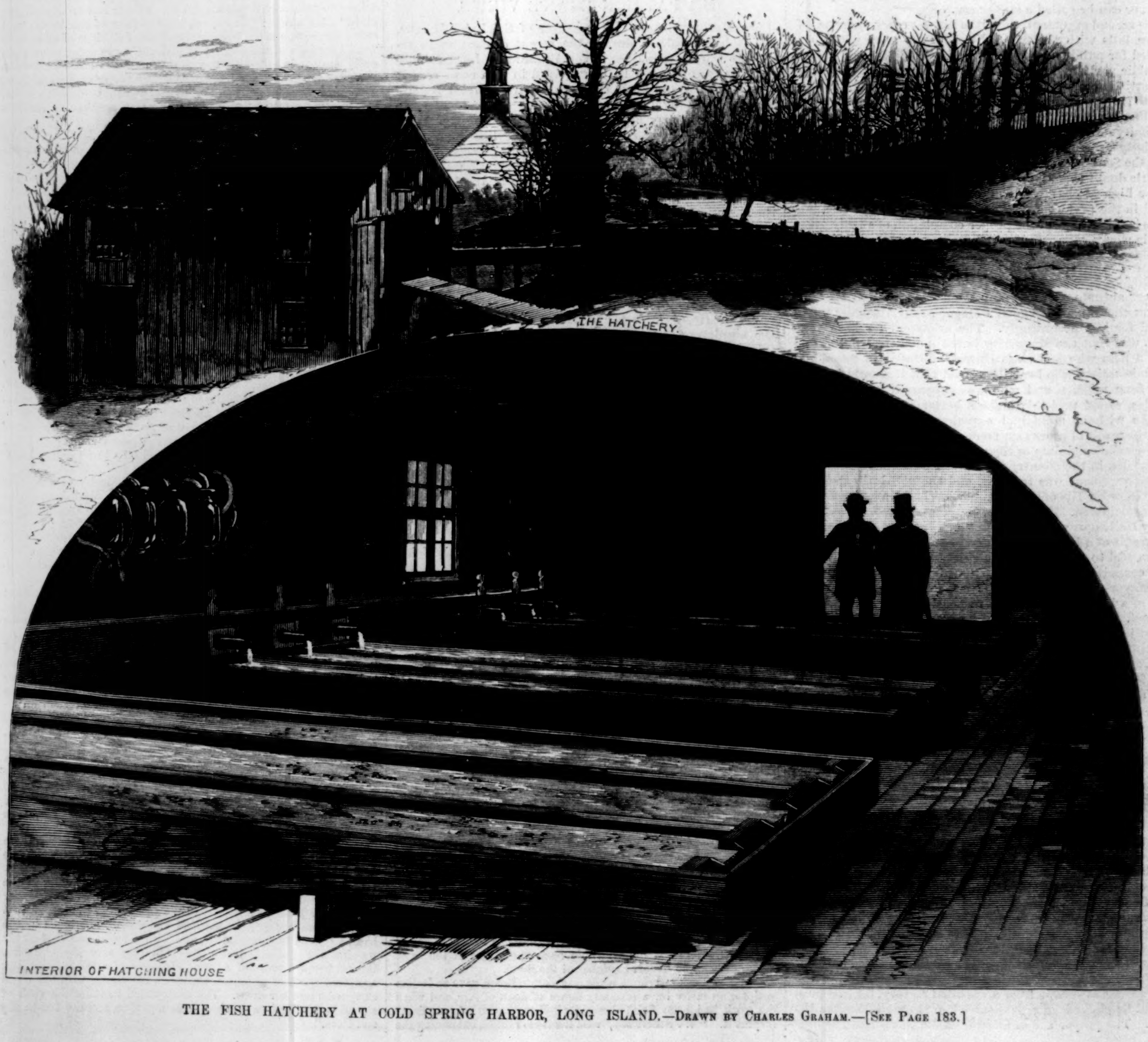
—Dürer's most recent biographer, Dr. Thausing, describes a visit of the artist to the Archduchess Margaret. She graciously showed him some fine pictures by Jan van Eyck, but refused to accept as a gift Dürer's portrait of the Kaiser Max. "For all I have given her and done for her," said Dürer, in despair, "she has given me nothing in return."

—The *Athenæum* commits itself to the assertion that "there are very few women's novels with the heroine of which a male reader is disposed to fall in love."

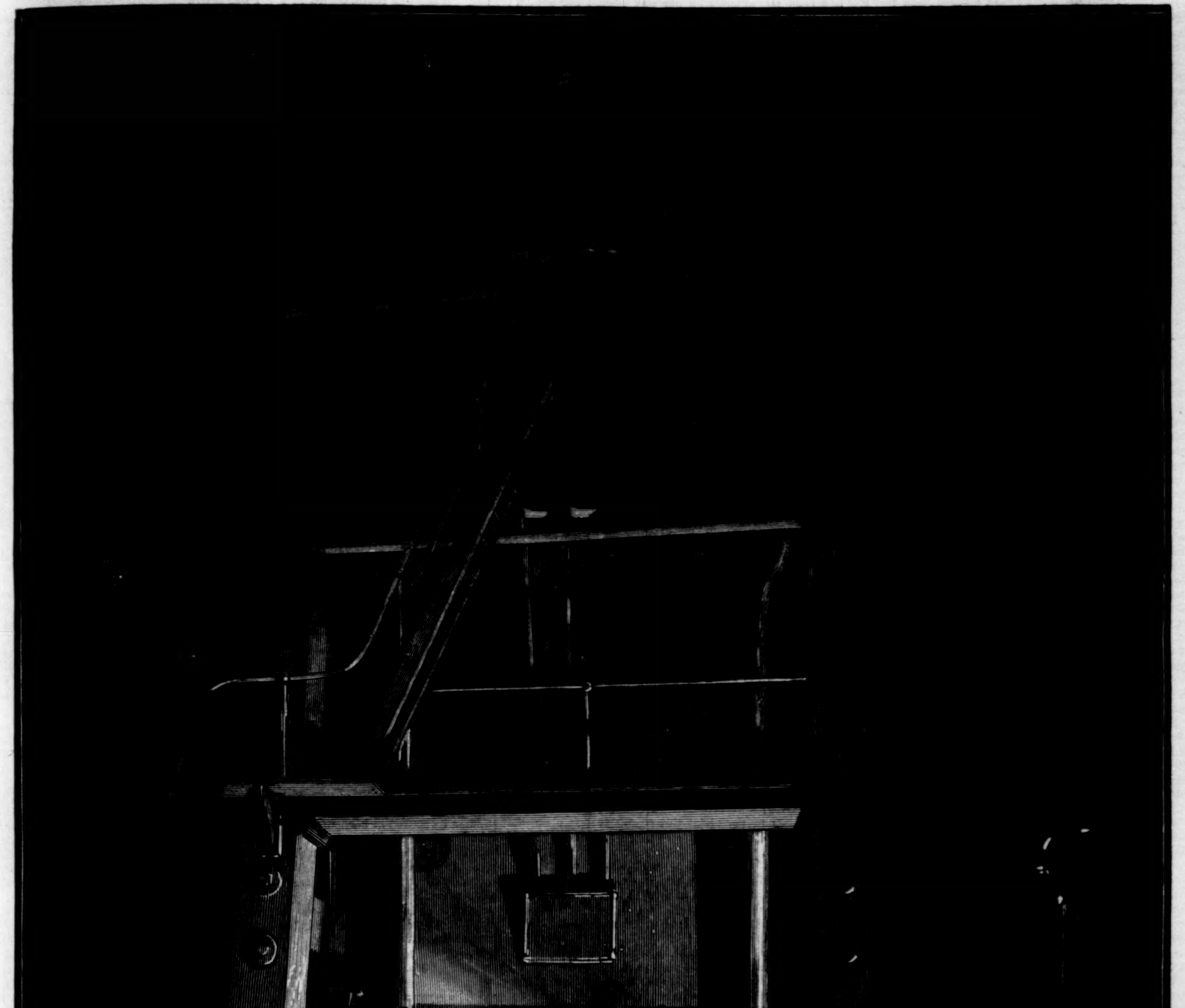
—Mr. Poynter has finished a picture of Psyche idling in the palace of Cupid. "A beautiful damsel in a *chiton*, wearing neither coronet nor jewels, she stands in the recess of a window so that light falls on her girlish shoulders and arms. She holds in one hand a branch of honeysuckle, and with a sweet and earnest air watches the emblematic butterfly hovering over the blossoms. Behind her are walls of African alabaster of a golden tint, and sculptors' work of white marble, which harmonize with her warm carnations and her dress. The background includes the vista of a corridor ending in a porch open to a garden, and the sun-lit sky and trees."

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

W. B. RUGGLES, SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 183.]



THE FISH HATCHERY AT COLD SPRING HARBOR, LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 183.]



INTERIOR OF A SOUTHERN COTTON PRESS BY NIGHT.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 182.]

A COTTON PRESS BY NIGHT.

Few sights impress the visitor in the Gulf States more vividly than one of the huge modern cotton compresses at work. By daylight it is always interesting, but when surrounded by all the mysterious shadows cast by the sombre veil of a tropical night the scene becomes doubly so, and impresses one forcibly with its excessive picturesqueness and truly Southern flavor.

Upon entering one of the immense buildings where these great machines are housed, a strange sight meets the eye. Rising to the height of fifty feet or more in the darkness above may be discerned a massive frame-work of beams and iron girders, holding in its embrace the press whose iron cylinder head rears its crown amid the beams close under the roof.

Beneath the converging rays of electric lamps and reflectors a most weird effect is produced, for the machine assumes the aspect of a grand and solemn demon face, strangely human, recalling the famed genii of the *Arabian Nights*. Beside it are the furnaces, whose open doors glow with the fires supplying the vitality of the giant, while about them flit the half-naked forms of the firemen—attendant demons of this monster.

As we gaze in awe at this strange scene, a voice rings out in command, and at the pulling of a lever the obedient monster's jaw drops, opening wide a cavernous mouth serrated with teeth of iron. A bale of cotton already squeezed into as small a compass as the strongest plantation machinery, unaided by steam, can reduce it, is for a moment unloosed from its fetters and rolled into the monster mouth. The dusk figures of the workmen now stand aside for a moment, one in the half shadow beside the scaffold pulls down a short lever, and the hideous iron jaw rises swiftly, and with scarcely a perceptible effort crushes the bale. Under this one Titanic bite the hitherto stubborn cotton shrinks and gives way like a sponge beneath an elephant's tread. Closer and closer come the terrible teeth, till the four-foot mass now measures but eighteen inches; but it has not yet been reduced quite enough; further punishment awaits it. Another pull to the lever sends a muffled rush of steam into the caverns of the monster's chest. With this fresh exertion the great structure trembles visibly, and under the enormous strain of 2000 pounds to the inch the teeth almost meet. It is enough. And now another surprise awaits us.

Half a dozen athletic figures spring like gnomes from out the side gloom into the brilliant light, and passing stout steel bands through the interstices of the monster's teeth, double and fold them back, and fasten them firmly. Like elfish sprites they seem while thus binding the helpless victim. This completed, there comes to the startled ear a strange cry. At first it is one musical voice rising alone, clear, distinct, quavering out on the night wind, then it is joined by a burst of full-throated harmonious voices in chorus, which sink down slowly in musical cadence, intermingled with half and quarter and weird fractional African notes impossible to describe, but, once heard, never forgotten. It is a signal that the bale is completely bound. The lever rises again, then the huge jaw relaxes, and the bitten cotton rolls out.

With the opening of that immense mouth comes a mighty steam sigh as the liberated vapor rushes up and bends above the sombre buildings like a great feathery plume before the cool night breeze. Heard through the quiet tropical nights, this panting of the cotton presses has a strangely human sound, but the sound as of the labored breathing of Titans at work—the sighing of Afrits.

J. O. Davidson.

MY FRIEND FITZGERALD.

I.

I am a little fellow with insignificant shoulders and legs not worth considering. I have no talent, and no distinguished eccentricity. My manner, what there is of it, is timid and awkward. I know that mankind as a species does not regard me at all, and that only mercenary motives restrain my tailor from expressing his contempt for me. There is nothing more to say about myself, except that I have no imagination, which may serve to substantiate the facts I am about to narrate.

My friend Fitzgerald was my antipodes. He was tall and strong and winning. His name betrays his nationality, and his nationality furnishes the key-note to a happy, fun-loving nature.

For six years, at school and at college, we were close companions, and then for four years we were separated. I, being by lucky accident rich, travelled for improvement and amusement; Fitzgerald worked for his living. He chose to be an engineer—I say chose, for whatever he had set his mind to do he would do brilliantly.

When I had got round the world back to my point of departure, I found Fitzgerald about setting out for the northwest of Canada, where he was to conduct a government survey. He expected to be absent at least two years. Since coming home had meant little more than coming back to him, this plan of his filled me with disappointment. When he suggested that I should accompany the expedition I agreed joyfully. The day before that fixed for our departure he came to my rooms, looking nervous and excited. Feigning not to notice his perturbation, I began running over a memorandum of things to be done. He interrupted me sharply.

"Look here, Jack, I want you to go out with me at three o'clock this afternoon to ——," mentioning a small town some twenty miles distant. "We will get there at four, leave again at five-thirty, and reach home in time for dinner."

My time being precious, I objected.

"Do it, Jack. The matter is of vital importance to me."

An appeal from Fitzgerald was irresistible. I agreed at once. At three o'clock I met him at the railway station.

We had been ten minutes on our way when he said, abruptly, "Jack, I am going to be married."

"The devil!"

My emphatic expletive echoed through the car, and then he added: "I should not feel quite right about it if you were not there, and that is how I persuaded Emily. Besides," he continued, after a short pause, "I want you to see her. It will be much to me during two years of separation to have some one near me who has seen her."

Then, the gates of his confidence being opened, he plunged into lovers' hyperbole. I listened silently, my hat slouched over my eyes, and my hands thrust deep in my pockets. I could listen, and at the same time mentally review the years of our friendship.

It had been my habit to scoff—an envious scoff, of course—at his love affairs. I knew now that the time for scoffing was past, and I realized (with more than a woman's jealousy—I confess it) that his love for this Emily would endure, and henceforth be the guiding impulse of his life, whether for good or ill.

On arriving at our station Fitzgerald went at once to the ladies' waiting-room. He returned with a young girl on his arm, whom he introduced to me as Miss Emily Gordon.

I shook hands with her vigorously, and stretched up on tiptoe to get a nearer view of her face, for she was very tall. As I stared at her I chilled with disappointment—not a vague sentiment, but a decided opinion that the face was not worth what Fitzgerald would sacrifice for it. The face was fair and finely featured, flushed just now with excitement. The eyes were dark, and though their wavering regard was childish and pretty, and, under the circumstances, to be expected, that it was which made my heart sink. The restless glance struck me not as a trick of the moment demanded by the situation, but as expressing undesirable characteristics in the woman. There was not a gleam of the steady, spiritual light such as it would have pleased me to see in the eyes of the woman who was to be Fitzgerald's wife.

They were married in the Methodist parsonage by a very old man, and the marriage was witnessed by the clergyman's wife and myself. Mrs. Fitzgerald insisted on her husband's taking her marriage certificate, affirming childishly that she would surely lose it. She had left her home that morning with the avowed intention of visiting friends.

She was now to proceed on her journey, and her train would leave twenty minutes before ours for the city. I shook hands with her at the parsonage gate, saying, with elaborate tact, that I had always longed to pry about this peculiarly interesting town. She was crying and clinging closely to Fitzgerald. She held my hand a moment.

"He is going so far from me, and two years are so long! You will take care of him. Promise me—oh, promise me!"

"I do, with my whole heart," I answered, and turned away from them.

I liked her better. The tears and the sob in her voice had touched me, almost won me. My dull senses were partially wakened to the attraction which such a creature might have for a man of strong passions and imagination. If it had not been for that first wretched impression, I should have been in love on the spot with Fitzgerald's wife.

We were on our way home when he asked me what I thought of her. I praised her in the best words I could find, and thought I was acquitting myself well. Fitzgerald's hand fell on my shoulder.

"What are you saying, Jack? You are as cold as ice."

"You forget. You are at fever heat."

"Then what are you feeling?" he burst out irritably. "What are you thinking that detracts from her?"

I had been coldly thinking the worst of her. I was startled into an unequivocal answer.

"I am thinking that she has not the strength to appreciate you, or to be true to you. I am fearing that nothing but ill will come to you of what you have done to-day."

I expected that he would turn upon me furiously, but he did not. His face lost its color, and he said, as if reasoning to himself, not in answer to me:

"It was her own wish. I would have trusted her without any pledge. It will be strange if she does not regret this day, yet I stake my soul that she never will."

I said to myself, "He has given her his best; surely that can not have been unworthily bestowed." I dug a grave for my doubts and suspicions, and tried to cover them deep.

II.

We were in winter-quarters in a cañon of the Fraser River. We had had no mail for several weeks, and toward the end of the year we concluded that there were a noble army of martyrs and an accumulation of mail-bags beneath the snow-drifts which stretched almost unbroken for a hundred miles, the distance to the nearest post station. One day, after a week of almost uninterruptedly fine weather, the welcome messenger arrived—arrived on his low sledge drawn by eight sure-footed dogs—arrived in hot haste, with bells jingling, and frost-powdered beard, and bright eyes gleaming out from a frame of furs, for all the world like a belated Santa Claus.

Fitzgerald, as usual, opened the bag, and I knew by his puzzled look that the letters eagerly expected by him from his wife were missing. He kept apart from us all day, but in the evening joined the group round the fire, with a pipe and newspaper.

There was a youngster in our party who I knew was fully informed of the love of Fitzgerald and Miss Emily Gordon—as far, that is, as the affair had been gossiped over by his mamma and her women friends. When this youth, buried in a home paper, whistled shrilly, and shouted, "Say, Fitzgerald, here's a nut for you!" I felt certain that he had news of Fitzgerald's wife.

"What is it?" Fitzgerald asked, indifferently, not looking up from his paper.

"About that stunning Miss Gordon—the girl you were such spoons on. Do you remember?"

Fitzgerald took his pipe from his mouth. "I remember. What about her?"

"'It is reported from Rome that Miss Emily Gordon, one of our fairest daughters, is to marry the young and distinguished Count Mondella. Both parties being of the Roman Catholic faith, the wedding is soon to be celebrated in the Holy City with great éclat.'"

I wondered how Fitzgerald could quietly listen to this announcement, read in the most deliberate manner. I could hardly refrain from getting up and yelling. My astonishment increased when, having asked for the paper, he carefully re-read the item; then, taking his great fur coat, he left the room. In a few minutes I joined him, and we walked to and fro together on the hard-packed snow before the shanty.

"You see, Jack, I must leave at once."

"Yes," I acquiesced; "I suppose you could not rest here." Then I protested: "Fitzgerald, let her go. She is weak, faithless, unworthy."

He repeated my adjectives with evident perplexity.

"I see. Your old injustice to her. You misunderstand. The case is as plain as daylight. This count dances attendance on her; her parents encourage him; people talk of them together, and a wholesale manufacturer of lies—a newspaper correspondent—sends idle gossip to America as fact. She is the victim of a persecution. They may have discovered our secret, and prevented her writing to me. How far away is she? Not miles, days—ten, twenty, thirty. I shall not rest till she is safe in my arms, for she is my wife. You know it, Jack. They may marry her to a thousand counts, but she is my wife."

Feeling that the moment was not happy for the presentation of views, I presented no more. I agreed to all the absurdities he chose to advance.

The next morning he announced to the camp that he was going to Fort Garry to consult some engineers, and would probably be absent about two months. I was to accompany him, and undertook the preparations for the journey.

About noon an Indian runner came in on snowshoes with an extra mail. There was one letter for Fitzgerald, and the handwriting was that of his wife. I sent the letter to his private room. In about half an hour I knocked at his door, and he said, "Come in."

He was sitting before a table, leaning on it with folded arms. As if anticipating and wishing to evade inquiry, he said, "I suppose you have been getting things ready."

"Yes. We can leave at any minute."

"I am undecided about going now. I think I will put it off until to-morrow, at all events. I am sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"Just as you please," I said. "I am indifferent."

"What a good fellow you are, Jack!" he said, standing up and looking at me. A casual observer might have thought his face only pale from overwork or want of rest. To me it was dead, like a fine portrait without any light in the eyes.

I thrust my hands in my pockets and shuffled my feet, overcome by the embarrassment which words of sincere kindliness always excite in me.

"Can't I help you? Tell me something to do for you."

"The kindest thing you can do is to let me alone."

I sidled to the door.

"Do go, Jack," he burst out, impetuously. "I can't bear to have even you—"

Before he could finish his sentence I was on the other side of the door.

I felt that Mrs. Fitzgerald's letter had merely confirmed the newspaper report. If the marriage which had been but a legal form could be annulled, I suspected that Fitzgerald would do it. I had no doubt that he would scorn to strike the woman who had wounded him mortally. When I fell asleep that night all my suspicions and beliefs had merged into burning anger against her, and a determination to seek the opportunity to inflict on her some imperishable ill.

I fell asleep with this one idea in my brain, and I was wakened from that sleep by a cry:

"Jack! Jack! Help! help!"

My senses were penetrated by the voice of a man in agony, crying for succor, crying to me, and the voice was the voice of my friend Fitzgerald.

I tried to lift myself from my bed, but a heavy weight held me down. I struggled to speak, but my tongue was tied. I rubbed my eyes, but the lids seemed glued. At last they parted slowly, and I saw that of which my mind has never lost the faintest impression. I was not lying on my bed; I was not in the low, square room, with half a dozen men sleeping about me. I was standing on the river's brink several miles below the station, standing there alone in the awful stillness of a winter night in the wilderness. The moonlight was so brilliant that every object was distinctly visible.

I saw not twenty feet from me a break in the ice, and the blue water bubbling up clearly. Above the water rose a man's fair, strong head, and two hands grasping, trying to lift the body beneath up to the ice, which broke and crumbled away from their touch.

He was dying before my eyes, and I could not stir an inch to save him. I saw the beating of his hands grow feebler and the tension of his face relax.

"Spare her, Jack!—spare her!" he cried.

I was silent.

Then once again he cried, and that sound I think will always echo about the world with me: "Speak to me. Give me a sign."

I forgot my hatred of her and my resolve to hurt her; I was sensible only of his pitiful pleading. By a great effort I flung up my right arm as a sign of acquiescence.

His hands fell, his head sank backward, and the blue water sparkled and bubbled in the moonlight. I shouted, "Fitzgerald! Fitzgerald!" I seemed to spring forward, when the whole scene was transformed. I was sitting up in bed, and the watch by the fire was saying, drowsily:

"What's the matter? What are you making such a row about?"

"Where is Fitzgerald?" I said, looking round, and seeing that his place in the row of mattresses was vacant.

"He went out about an hour ago. He said he couldn't sleep, and was going to skate up the river to Thompson's Station."

I got up slowly, and the motion was painful, for my whole body was numb. I spoke with hesitation, as if the power of speech was new to me.

"Fitzgerald did not go up the river; he went down toward Carter's Station. He has been drowned six miles below."

My shout had roused most of the men. They all exclaimed incredulously that I had been dreaming. I stood my ground, and was already getting ready to go out. The dogged persistence of such a matter-of-fact fellow as I, impressed them, and they prepared to accompany me. When we reached the river we put on our skates. We could not distinguish tracks, for we had recently been skating a great deal, taking advantage of the clear ice, rare so late in the season. I led down the river, the others following, laughing at my expense. Soon the infection of my profound hopelessness spread, and in ten minutes all were skating swiftly, silently, toward whatever awaited us. When but a sharp headland lay between us and the spot I had seen in my vision I halted.

"He is lying just beyond there. If the ice is broken we shall know."

We rounded the point in line. The ice was broken and thrown up in pieces, and the water still bubbling.

I have not much more to tell. It was afterward discovered that he had struck one of the shallow springs on a sandy bottom which never freeze solidly. The water would not have covered him standing, but the numbing influence of the intense cold and the frailness of the surrounding ice had prevented his saving himself. I offer no explanation of what I have said that I saw and heard, but six men can testify that, when miles away from him, I saw the dying face and heard the dying words of my friend Fitzgerald, and that I led them to the spot where they found him.

He had left a letter for me in his private room. He said that he was going to take legal advice and find the quietest means of rendering void the marriage ceremony I had witnessed. He asked me to look after his traps, and assured me that as soon as he felt equal to taking up old associations he would let me know. As I read his letter I cried like a girl.

In his pocket-book I found his marriage certificate and the last letter she had written him. I carefully dried both, and as carefully read the latter. What a weak, miserable, cringing effusion, characteristic of the writer! Pages of alternate whining and bullying, ending with this paragraph:

"If you force any claim, my Church will set it aside. That would make a scandal, and I have never been talked about, and I should be very nervous under disagreeable talk. It would be very unmanly and under-bred in you to give me so much trouble, and at least I have always considered you a gentleman."

I swore that she should have cause to be nervous. I knew that such a woman could not be wounded mentally or spiritually, and that the blow must be struck at material comforts.

I left the station immediately. From the first telegraph station I reached I sent a message to Miss Emily Gordon to her Roman address: "Fear nothing. I will arrange as you desire." I signed Fitzgerald's name.

A month afterward I was in Venice, in the hotel with the Count and Countess Mondella.

On the night of my arrival I made a package of letters beginning "My husband," with a variety of tender qualifications, and signed "Emily Fitzgerald." With these I placed the marriage certificate and the last letter. I addressed the package to the Count Mondella, intending that the next morning it should be put in his hands.

I went to bed feeling comparatively cheerful. My sleep was but a repetition of the sleep in which I saw Fitzgerald die. When I came to my senses I knew that I must spare her. I did not doubt then, and have never doubted since, that the repetition of the vision was the work of an excited brain; but the impression was so vivid that I felt myself bound by an oath to the dead to spare her. I re-addressed the package to the Countess Mondella, and ordered my messenger to deliver it into no hands but her own. So with my own hands I deprived myself of the means of avenging my friend's death, in obedience to his generous and noble spirit, in contradiction to my own insignificant rage and vindictive desire.

I saw her once in the corridor leaning on the arm of her husband, beautiful and triumphant, with her false eyes flickering still. I wondered then why such a woman should have showered on her the gifts that the world holds best, and why a man who, by the mere fact of living in it, made the world better, should be lying dead in a wilderness, heart-broken and murdered by her.

Annie Robertson Macfarlane.

SUPERINTENDENT RUGGLES.

The newly appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction for this State, the Hon. W. B. Ruggles, is a resident of Bath, Steuben County, and is about fifty-six years of age. When a youth he learned the printers' trade, but subsequently prepared for college, and was graduated from Hamilton in 1849. For a time thereafter he taught school, and then was editor of the *Intelligencer*, at Atlanta, Georgia. In 1857 he returned to Clinton and entered the Hamilton College Law School. Admitted to the bar, he made his home in Bath, and there built up a lucrative practice. He was a member of the Assembly in 1876 and 1877. From 1878 to 1882 he was Deputy Attorney-General. He was a member of the National Democratic Convention in 1876.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

V.

THAT HE WHO WOULD BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF MUST TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

Association is the lowest and simplest mode of attaining accord and concord between men. It is now the mode best suited to the condition and chances of laborers. Employers formerly made use of guilds to secure common action for a common interest. They have given up this mode of union because it has been superseded by better ones. Correspondence, travel, newspapers, circulars, and telegrams bring to employers and capitalists the information which they need for the defense of their interests. The combination between them is automatic and instinctive. It is not formal and regulated by rule. It is all the stronger on that account, because intelligent men, holding the same general maxims of policy, and obtaining the same information, pursue similar lines of action, while retaining all the ease, freedom, and elasticity of personal independence.

At present laborers have not the leisure necessary for the higher modes of communication. Capital is also necessary to establish the ties of common action under the higher forms. Moreover, there is no doubt an incidental disadvantage connected with the release which the laborer gets under the wages system from all responsibility for the conduct of the business. That is, that laborers do not learn to watch or study the course of industry, and do not plan for their own advantage as other classes do. There is an especial field for combined action in the case of laborers. Capitalist employers are generally separated by jealousy and pride in regard to all but the most universal class interests. Laborers have a much closer interest in each other's wisdom. Competition of capitalists for profits redounds to the benefit of laborers. Competition of laborers for subsistence redounds to the benefit of capitalists. It is utterly futile to plan and scheme so that either party can make a "corner" on the other. If capitalists withdraw capital from employment in an attempt to lower wages, they lose profits. If laborers withdraw from competition in order to raise wages, they starve to death. Capital and labor are the two things which least admit of monopoly. Capitalists and venturers can, however, if they have foresight of the movements of industry and commerce, and if they make skillful use of credit, win exceptional profits for a limited period. One great means of exceptional profit lies in the very fact that the laborers have not exercised the same foresight, but have plodded along and waited for the slow and successive action of the industrial system through successive periods of production, while the capitalist anticipated and synchronized several successive steps. No bargain is fairly made if one of the parties to it fails to maintain his interest. If one party to a contract is well informed and the other ill informed, the former is sure to win an advantage. No doctrine that a true adjustment of interest follows from the free play of interests can be construed to mean that an interest which is neglected will get its rights.

The laborers have no means of information which is as good and legitimate as association, and it is fair and necessary that their action should be united on behalf of most of their interests. They are not in a position for the unrestricted development of individualism in regard to many of their interests. Unquestionably the better ones lose by this, and the development of individualism is to be looked forward to and hoped for as a great gain. In the mean time the labor market, in which wages are fixed, can not reach fair adjustments unless the interest of the laborers is fairly defended, and that can not be done without associations of laborers. No newspapers yet report the labor market. If they give any notices of it, of its rise and fall, of its variations in different districts and in different trades, such notices are always made for the interest of the employers. Redistribution of labor, both locally and trade-wise (so far as the latter is possible), is a legitimate and useful mode of raising wages. The illegitimate attempt to raise wages by limiting the number of apprentices is the great abuse of trades-unions. I shall discuss that in the ninth paper.

It appears that the English trades were forced to contend, during the first half of this century, for the wages which the market really would give them, but which, under the old traditions and restrictions which remained, they could not get without a positive struggle. They formed the opinion that a strike could raise wages. They were educated so to think by the success which they had won in certain attempts. It appears to have become a traditional opinion, in which no account is taken of the state of the labor market. It would be hard to find a case of any strike within thirty or forty years, either in England or the United States, which has paid. If a strike occurs, it certainly wastes capital and hinders production. It must therefore lower wages subsequently below what they would have been if there had been no strike. If a strike succeeds, the question arises whether an advance of wages as great or greater would not have occurred within a limited period without a strike.

Nevertheless a strike is a legitimate resort at last. It is like war, for it is war. All that can be said is that those who have recourse to it at last ought to understand that they assume a great responsibility, and that they can only be justified by the circumstances of the case. I can not believe that a strike for wages ever is expedient. There are other purposes, to be mentioned in a moment, for which it may be expedient, but a strike for wages is a clear case of a strife in which ultimate success is a complete test of the justifiability of the course of those who made the strife. If the men win an advance, it proves that they ought to have had it. If they do not win, it proves that they were wrong to strike. If they strike with the market in their favor, they win. If they strike with the market against them, they fail. It is in human nature that a man whose income is increased is happy and satisfied, although, if he demanded it, he might perhaps at that very moment get more. A man whose income is lessened is displeased and irritated, and he is more likely to strike then, when it is in vain. Strikes in industry are not nearly so peculiar a phenomenon as they are often thought to be. Buyers strike when they refuse to buy commodities of which the price has risen. Either the price remains high, and they permanently learn to do without the commodity, or the price is lowered, and they buy again. Tenants strike when house rents rise too high for them. They seek smaller houses or parts of houses until there is a complete re-adjustment. Borrowers strike when the rates for capital are so high that they can not employ it to advantage and pay those rates. Laborers may strike and emigrate, or, in this country, take to the land. This kind of strike is a regular application of legitimate means, and is sure to succeed. Of course strikes with violence against capitalists, or other laborers, or fellow-workmen, are not to be discussed at all.

Trades-unions, then, are right and necessary and useful. They may do much by way of true economic means to raise wages. They are useful to spread information, to maintain *esprit de corps*, to elevate the public opinion of the class. They have been greatly abused in the past. In this country they are in constant danger of being used by political schemers—a fact which does more than anything else to disparage them in the eyes of the best workmen. The economic notions most in favor in the trades-unions are erroneous, although not more so than those which find favor in the counting-room. A man who believes that he can raise wages by doing bad work, wasting time, allowing material to be wasted, and giving generally the least possible service in the allotted time, is not to be distinguished from the man who says that wages can be raised by putting protective taxes on all clothing, furniture, crockery, bedding, books, fuel, utensils, and tools. One lowers the services given for the capital, and the other lowers the capital given for the services. Trades-unionism in the higher classes consists in jobbery. There is a great deal of it in the professions. I once heard a group of lawyers of high standing sneer at an executor who hoped to get a large estate through probate without allowing any lawyers to get big fees out of it. They all approved of steps which had been taken to force a contest, which steps had forced the executor to retain two or three lawyers. No one of the speakers had been retained.

Trades-unions need development, correction, and perfection. They ought however, to get this from the men themselves. If the men do not feel any need of such institutions, the patronage of other persons who come to them and give them these institutions will do harm and not good. Especially trades-unions ought to be perfected so as to undertake a great range of important duties for which we now rely on government inspection, which never gives what we need. The safety of workmen from machinery, the ventilation and sanitary arrangements of factories, the special precautions required by certain processes, the hours of labor of women and children, the schooling of children, the limits of age for employed children, Sunday work, hours of labor—these and other like matters ought to be controlled by the men themselves through their organizations. The laborers about whom we are talking are free men in a free state. If they want to be protected, they must protect themselves. They ought to protect their own women and children. Their own class opinion ought to secure the education of the children of their class. If an individual workman is not bold enough to protest against a wrong to laborers, the agent of a trades-union might with propriety do it on behalf of the body of workmen. Here is a great and important need, and instead of applying suitable and adequate means to supply it, we have demagogues declaiming, trades-union officers resolving, and government inspectors drawing salaries, while little or nothing is done.

The fashion of the time is to run to government boards, commissions, and inspectors to set right everything which is wrong. No experience seems to damp the faith of our public in these instrumentalities. The English Liberals in the middle of this century seemed to have full grasp of the principle of liberty, and to be fixed and established in favor of non-interference. Since they have come to power, however, they have adopted the old instrumentalities, and have greatly multiplied them since they had a great number of reforms to carry out. They seem to think that interference is good if only they interfere. In this country the party which is "in" always interferes, and the party which is "out" favors non-interference. The system of interference is a complete failure of the ends it aims at, and sooner or later it will fall of its own expense and be swept away. The two notions—one to regulate things by a committee of control, and the other to let things regulate themselves by the conflict of interests between free men—are diametrically opposed, and the former is corrupting to free institutions, because men who are taught to expect government inspectors to come and take care of them lose all true education in liberty.

I have read a great many diatribes within the last ten years against capitalists, and a great many declamations about the wrongs of labor. I have never seen a defense of the capitalist. Who dares say that he is not the friend of the poor man? Who dares say that he is the friend of the capitalist? I will try to say what I think is true. There are bad capitalists, and harsh, cross employers. There are slovenly, negligent workmen. There are just about as many proportionately of one of these classes as of the other. The capitalist—employers of the United States—as a class, proper exceptions being understood, have no advantage over their workmen. They could not oppress them if they wanted to do so. The advantage, taking good and bad times together, is with the workmen. The employers wish the welfare of the workmen in all respects, and would give redress for any grievance which was brought to their attention. They are considerate of the circumstances and interests of the laborers. They remember the interests of the workmen when driven to consider the necessity of closing or reducing hours. They go on and take risk and trouble on themselves in working through bad times rather than close their works. The whole class of those who have are quick in their sympathy for any form of distress or suffering. They are too quick. Their sympathies need regulating, not stimulating. They are more likely to give away capital recklessly than to withhold it stingily when any alleged case of misfortune is before them. They rejoice to see any man succeed in improving his position. They will aid him with counsel and information if he desires it, and any man who needs and deserves help because he is trying to help himself will find only sympathy, encouragement, and assistance from those who are better off. If those who are in that position are related to him as employers to employé, that tie will be recognized as giving him an especial claim.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.

Prince Alexander Miklailovitch Gortchakoff has been connected with the most important period of Russian development, and his influence has done much, both within and without the empire, to bring Russia to its present position in the family of great European powers. It was to him that was due, in the first place, the radical change in the foreign policy of Russia which led to the abandonment of the relatively narrow and limited field of action within which the government of the Czars confined itself after the Napoleonic wars, and to the breaking up of the traditional "balance of power" with the maintenance of which Nesselrode contented himself. This change left Russia free at once to take a more active and fruitful part in the Turkish question, which had so long pressed itself upon the imperial attention, and what will ultimately prove of far greater consequence, to push its designs with reference to Northern and Central Asia. At the same time the policy of Gortchakoff, while modifying greatly the relations of Russia to the other powers of Europe, and for the moment appearing to weaken its influence in Continental matters, has in reality given to the Czar a more commanding position. In the second place, Gortchakoff's name will be for generations remembered in Russia in connection with the bold measures for the advancement of freedom and of orderly progress, which, in despite of many difficulties and some tragic interruptions, have profoundly changed the life of the Russian people. And it is the more certain that his fame in the Russias will be lasting because he was himself, by descent, by family connection, by training, and by instinctive loyalty, thoroughly a Russian.

He came of an ancient family, who traced their origin back to Michael, Grand Duke of Tchernigof, killed by the Mongolians of Batoukhan in the thirteenth century, and recognized as one of the martyr saints of the orthodox Church. But though numbering some notable characters, the family has won distinction mainly within the last century, and for the most part in the military service. One of the Chancellor's cousins commanded the left wing at Alma and Inkermann; another had general command in the Crimea, and personally directed the heroic defense of Sevastopol.

CARRIAGE ETIQUETTE.

The question whether a lady should sit at the gentleman's left or at his right when riding with him in a carriage has been recently under discussion again in Paris, where the *Figaro* devoted columns to it. One view is that the lady should be on the left side, so that the gentleman may have his right arm free to protect her; and another view is that she should sit at his right, because that is the place of honor. To our friends who live in the country and often drive headstrong young colts which have been broken by main strength only, necessity is etiquette. They are their own drivers, and they have no groom to stand at the horse's head while they are entering the carriage and gathering up the reins. They must have the right hand free to restrain the impatient animal, while assisting the lady into the carriage with the left hand. This requires him to stand at the right of the vehicle. Naturally the lady takes the farther side of the seat, so that the gentleman will not have to step across the carriage in front of her, and the gentleman finds himself seated with the lady at his left. He thus has his right arm free to manage the horse or span in case of an emergency arising, and the only possible criticism of the arrangement is that he is on the wrong side to avoid collisions with vehicles coming from the opposite direction, and that if such a crash comes the lady is in the more dangerous position. This objection would be done away with if all teams would turn out to the left instead of the right in this country, as they do almost everywhere else in the world.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

Our readers will doubtless be reminded by Mr. Howard Pyle's striking picture, the scene of which is laid in a country tavern on the old Albany post road, in the early part of this century, of the powerful description of the consternation which Bill Sykes created in an English way-side inn after the murder of Nancy. It is evident from the placard on the wall that a murder has been committed, and that the murderer is a fugitive, for whose capture a reward is offered. The rustics at the table have been discussing the affair, and their conversation is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a stranger of forbidding aspect. From their attitude it is evident that they regard him with suspicion, which he meets with dogged silence and defiance.

THE FUNERAL OF A WAIF.

Mr. Reinhart's picture tells its own pathetic story; but we may call attention to the respect shown to even the most humble funeral in Paris and other European cities, in marked contrast with the usual practice in England and this country. In every city and town in Europe every man who meets a funeral in the street, or passes a doorway draped with mourning, removes his hat in token of respect, no matter how lowly the estate of the deceased may have been. Everything connected with the burial is done with a reverence and a decorum which are very impressive.

THE COLD SPRING HATCHERY.

A hatchery at this end of the State has for a long time been needed, in the opinion alike of sportsmen, fish-mongers, and pisciculturists. This great and long-felt want has been supplied, partly by the skillful angling of the promoters of the project in the troubled waters of the Legislature of 1879, and partly by the liberality of Mr. John D. Jones, of Cold Spring—a village on the North side of Long Island, thirty miles from Brooklyn—who gave the Fish Commissioners a free lease for ten years of thirty-three acres of the most eligible land and water for their purposes that could be found on Long Island. Springs of clear cool water abound in the land of the precise purity and temperature affected by trout.

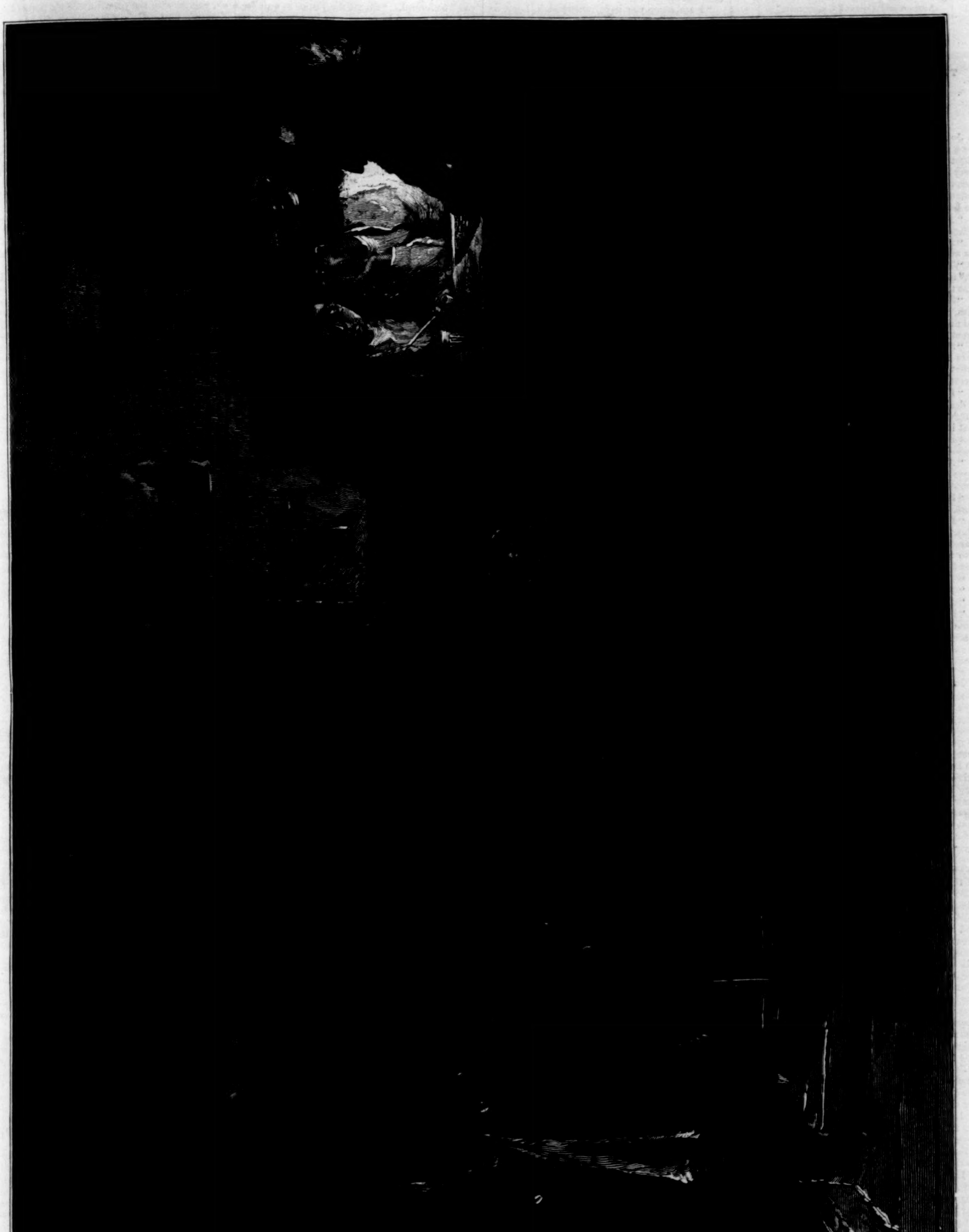
Where they breed most and haunt, I have observed, the air is delicate—that is to say, the water—and among these springs is possibly the identical Cold Spring from which the pleasant village takes its name. The undefiled salt-water of the Sound washes the margin, and makes possible experiments with sea-fish which the Fish Commissioners have not been able to carry on satisfactorily elsewhere. There is upon the premises what looks like a humble cabin, though it formerly did duty as a woollen mill, and this was found to need very little modification to fit it for the uses of a hatchery.

The building was put to its new use some ten weeks ago, and last week took place what may be called the "inauguration" of this hatchery, if Mr. Freeman will allow us to use so very large a word to describe the visit of a number of persons, chiefly unofficial, to so small a house, and the subsequent ceremonies of inspecting embryonic fishes and partaking of refreshments.

Nobody who visits a hatchery for the first time can fail to be impressed with the enormous value of the work that is doing there in increasing the supply of cheap food. The production seems to be absolutely illimitable; and even the statistics give a much less vivid idea of it than is to be gained in a hatchery. But here are some of the figures of Cold Spring. There are 300,000 sea salmon, 150,000 brook trout, 1,000,000 white-fish, 1000 land-locked salmon, 60,000 German trout of the smaller and 20,000 of the larger variety. The salmon are to be turned loose, when they are advanced enough to pick up their own living, in the Hudson and Connecticut rivers. The Adirondack lakes are to be stocked with the land-locked salmon, and the Long Island streams with the brook trout. Next year 300,000,000 of young cod-fish are to be deposited in the Sound, and it is hoped that the result will be an unfailing supply of this Lenten luxury close to our coasts.

The countenance of a mature fish has but a limited play of expression, and the young, in the state in which they may be seen in the troughs at Cold Spring, are even less bountifully endowed in this respect. They are, in fact, less expressive even than a human baby in its passive and quiescent moods. It takes an expert to discriminate varieties, while of marked individuality among specimens of the same tribe there is absolutely none. The physical beauty of a fish of tender weeks is not enhanced by the fact that his most conspicuous feature is a sac dependent from his under person, and nearly the size of the rest of him, from which he imbibes sustenance. He is a frail and delicate creature, and requires to be handled with much care. It is better that he be not handled at all, and to obviate the necessity of handling him, an adaptation has been made, in the Macdonald jar, of the principle of the siphon, whereby the newly vivified fish is drawn off as required from the jar into the trough on the principle familiar in its application to Seltzer water.

THE FUNERAL OF A LITTLE WAIF, PARIS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 183.]



THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST—SCENE IN A TAVERN ON THE OLD ALBANY POST ROAD.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 183.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER II.

MORE DEPARTURES.

John Woodhatch for once proved himself to be a true prophet. He who had been so seldom right in his life was right in this instance to the very letter of his prediction. It was a little after noon in the following day when a telegram was brought to him, which he read in the front parlor to Lucy and her father.

"*From Gregory Dorward to John Woodhatch, Skegs Shore:*

"*I was married this morning to Kitty. Think as well of us both as you can.*"

"There the story ends, after all, as I had planned it," said John Woodhatch, in a strangely unexultant tone. "And Kitty Vanch marries Greg."

"She was in a tremendous hurry, all of a sudden," replied Mr. Larcom. "If she had only waited to hear this will read, I wonder what the effect would have been?"

"She would have married Greg just the same," was the reply. "It is not impossible she knew what was the purport of this will. She was a great deal with Hester Brake at the last."

"I hope she did," said the parson; "it will save a deal of quibbling. Greg's a sharp fellow, and might plead his ignorance of the document, and put in a claim for his wife, after all. To me it's not so vary clear that Lucy will get the money, for—"

"Never mind the money just now. You will have plenty of time to think over all this abroad, where the money is," said Woodhatch; "and Greg and his wife will have no opposition to offer, I am sure. When do you leave?"

"I asked Fladge to be ready with the trap in about half an hoor from this time," replied the parson. "We shall go to the cottage for one or two things, and then start from Skegs Shore by the five-o'clock train."

"You will be in France to-morrow, then, Alec?"

"Yes."

"And the chapel business here?"

"I have arranged all that. A friend of mine from Lincoln will take the chapel in hand. He's a senseeble young man in his way, too, and I dare say will succeed me altogether. And," added Mr. Larcom, "I hope ye will extend to him all the hospeetality posseeble for the sake of an old friend."

John Woodhatch looked hard at the old friend aforesaid, but did not reply to him. Alec Larcom had forgotten the sharp discussion of the preceding evening, and was in excellent spirits altogether. Kate Vanch's marriage had followed so quickly on the reading of the will that the fortune was secured to him and his daughter before he had had much time to think of it; and a new bright life was stretching out for them both—a new beginning to all things, with not a care in their way to mar their rejoicing. True, there was something in John Woodhatch that was new; that would have been exceedingly perplexing had Alec Larcom had the time to think it over at that busy period of preparation for departure; that would have even distressed him had he thought there was real sorrow, real trouble, at the heart of the man whom he had known so long. But Alec Larcom was full of his own projects, full of himself, and his daughter's advancement in the world, full of thoughts of the journey before him, and hardly the same man who had struggled and preached and worked his soul out at Skegs Shore. Prosperity would not wholly improve the Methodist parson in all probability; but then does great prosperity improve many folk, or any folk? Were not our friends the truer, better, and more straightforward before the golden shower came down from heaven, or up from hell, to gild their ways in life? And oh! the good fellows we all have known who were poor! and oh! the rich prigs on whom it is a pleasure to turn one's back now!

John Woodhatch was soured with thoughts somewhat akin to these; but he was studiously grave, even polite, to Alec Larcom and to his daughter Lucy. And he seemed to look at each of them, and at little Morice, and even at Reuben Fladge and his farm servants, in so strange a way, as if they were all people in whom he was perforce still interested, and whom he studied a great deal, and to the last, though without any heart in his work.

Lucy Brake, more watchful than her wont, saw this, and more than this, with a rapidly increasing surprise, and an anxiety for which she could hardly account. Presently she came to him when he was alone, when he was walking in the garden with his hands crossed behind him, after the old fashion which he had, and took her place by his side with the freedom of one ever sure of a welcome. He did not appear surprised at this, but his face did not light up as usual at the sight of her. It remained still curiously grave, with a meaning on it utterly impossible to decipher in that hour, and for many hours to come.

"John," said Lucy, frankly, "has any one offended you? Have you taken offense at anything that has been said or done of late days?"

"I am not quick to take offense, Lucy," he replied, "and I am not offended."

"Nor hurt?"

"No."

"Nor—nor disappointed?"

"No. I can not say I am disappointed in anything or anybody."

"But you have altered so much; you are not the John Woodhatch I have always known," she said; "since Hester's death you have been so different altogether."

"I am sorry you have remarked it, Lucy, or cared about it in any way," he replied, speaking very slowly; "but I do not deny I *have* altered, possibly have wholly changed with the changes which have come to us, and—more of which are coming on still."

"I do not see—"

"There will be further changes here. There will be new lives begun and old lives ended before you are back again in Lincolnshire—if you ever come back, that is," he added.

"Why should I not?"

"You will be happier away—much happier."

"I am not fond of travelling. I am no great hand at making friends, and I believe," she added, in a little whisper, "I hate money, and people who are fond of it."

"It is not everything, but it is a mighty power," answered Woodhatch, "and is never to be despised."

"Will you tell Kitty for me, please," she said, very hurriedly, "that this marriage of hers shall make no difference in her future prospects, and that she need not feel—neither she nor Greg—any disappointment at the conditions of the will. For I—"

She stopped as he touched her arm, and looked at her with the same grave, steady, incomprehensible stare.

"You will not burden me with commissions, Lucy, which it will be beyond my power to fulfill," he said.

"I—I do not understand you," Lucy said, with her heart beating very rapidly.

"I shall not see Kitty Vanch or Greg ever again. They belong not to my life—they are completely gone. That's all," he added.

"But why?"

"Ah! don't ask me for explanations," he said; "they are beyond me just now."

"You will write and tell me what you mean, then. For there is some mystery you are keeping from me, John, some secret, some new project."

"Yes, I have a project in my mind, and you will hear of it soon, Lucy," he said. "Forty-five is late in the day for planning it out, but it will not be kept from you or your father. You are both sure to hear of it."

"These mysteries are not like you, and are not worthy of one who has been always so outspoken," she murmured, reproachfully.

"You will bear with them and me for the few moments that are left," he said, very tenderly. "To explain would do no good, and might effect much harm. I want you to forgive me, Lucy, before you go away to-day."

"To forgive you—what? What have I ever had to forgive in my father's friend—my father's own right hand?"

"I am keeping a secret from you," he replied, "a something which you ought to know, but which I dare not tell you—which you shall know later on when you are abroad."

"And why can not you tell me, or—trust me?"

"It concerns the life of another, and influences that life so much," he answered; "and I would be forgiven blindly in this matter."

"I do not believe I can have possibly anything to forgive," said Lucy, wonderingly.

"Yes," he responded.

"Then you are forgiven, John, with all my heart and soul. In very gratitude for all the dear old times, believe me," she exclaimed.

"Thank you, Lucy," he answered, as he took her hands in his. "You would bring back those dear old times again to me if anybody could. But that is quite impossible. There is no stepping back to the old days. It is always onward, step by step, to the night."

"Rather to the brighter day, for such good, earnest men as you."

"I am not a good man—although," he said, after a pause, "I am terribly in earnest."

"Why will you not tell me what is distressing you? Because I am a woman, weak and vain and untrustworthy?" she said.

"Because you are the woman who would be distressed with me, and to no useful purpose," he replied; "because you will go away the happier for not knowing; because to know it later on is so very much the better for us all."

"But—"

"But you must not worry me too much, child," he said, with a shade more sternness in his manner, and which she shrank from at once, it being new to her. "I can not bear more even from you."

"Very well," she answered, sadly and submissively.

"Ask at the *Poste Restante*, Paris, for letters now and then, will you, Lucy?"

"Of course, of course. And father or I will write to you to-morrow night, and—"

Again that strange stretching out of his big hand, and reducing her to immediate silence by a touch which seemed to turn her into stone, as the touch of a dead hand might have done.

"Don't write to me, or think of me, yet awhile, till a communication reaches Paris for you," he said; "it will be only waste of time."

"You do not wish to hear from us," she murmured.

"You and your father are going away from my life, and are anxious to go; why should you be troubled by thinking of me? What is the use of it?" he said.

"Yes, John Woodhatch, you are offended with us," cried Lucy, passionately now; "we have done you in your estimation—but God knows not intentionally—a grievous wrong. And we have a claim to know what you consider that wrong is."

"You have done me no wrong; I have asked your forgiveness," he said; "and there is no thought in my heart which is not for the welfare of Alec Larcom and his daughter. What more can I say than that?"

"Ah! but you do not explain."

"The explanation will be shortly on its way to you," he replied. "Do me the justice to wait for it, Lucy; and so leave me now in peace. It is the last thing I ask of you."

"I will not harass you any more," said Lucy, in response.

"Not the last thing, quite," he corrected; "there is one favor more I am going to ask."

"Well," said Lucy, "what is that?"

"Come in-doors and play me the 'Wedding March,' as you did five years ago. I should be glad to hear it once more in my life," he said.

"To hear it many times, if you will, when I come back, John."

"Come back here?" he said.

"Why, yes—why not?"

"You will never come back to Farm Forlorn," he said, "and that is why I wish you to play for me to-day."

She would not ask him for any further explanation; he would not have given it if she had done so. He spoke in riddles, but there was no solution to them—and he spoke as if they were the explanations rather than the riddles themselves. And, moreover, he took it for granted that she and her father were leaving him forever, and were only too glad to get away from him to think of returning to the place. He seemed to imply that he was nothing in their estimation, and that it was as well for all of them it should be so, and she could only trust to time, to a few weeks or months, to disabuse his mind of so unworthy an impression. He was not himself now. The death of Hester Brake had changed him very much, the sudden departure of Greg and Kitty Vanch, and even Mrs. Chadderton, was all part of the mystery which had altered him, and which he had promised to explain when she and her father and Morice were in Paris. This was not the John Woodhatch she had ever known; presently he would be his firm, self-reliant, honest self again, and not the grave shadow of what he had been. And till that day came, she would wait in peace—wondering a little why she should think of it so deeply.

It was a strange time to play Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a strange air to select, the day after a funeral; but it had been a favorite of his, and this was his last wish, and she was going away.

They passed into the farm parlor together, and she sat down at the grand piano he had bought for her last visit, and played with her old skill whilst he watched her, and thought of the five years since she had sat there terribly afraid of him and what he was going to say to her. She had not changed in the least, to his observation; she was the same fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose beauty trouble had not marred, and before whom might stretch a world of happiness to come, as he prayed to God it might. He had grown gray in earnest in those five long years, and old at heart, and soured and discontented, and had lost faith in everything that claimed a friendship with him. At forty-five years of age he was an old man—a very old man, he knew—without a hope in the world, and with just one fleeting, childish fancy to hear her play again in the home to which he had told her she would never come back, and which was a sure prophecy, despite all Lucy's doubts.

"Thank you," he said, very gravely, when she had finished. "It was kind of you. I will remember this always."

Before Lucy could reply, if she had thought of replying, Alec Larcom and his granddaughter Morice came into the room equipped for their journey, and looking very much astonished.

"What a time to be doddering away at the piano!" exclaimed Mr. Larcom, "and Fladge already outside with the trap. Get yeer things on, Lucy, for goodness' sake!"

Lucy withdrew, and Alec Larcom bustled about and looked for sticks, umbrellas, and wrappers with the customary fussiness of a man going a few miles, and ran in and out of the room half a dozen times, becoming more red and confused with each occasion. John Woodhatch stood looking down at the piano as though Lucy was still sitting there, until little Morice touched his hand.

"Are you sorry we are going, Mitter Woodhatch?" she asked, suddenly. "You look sorry—oh, so very!"

"Yes," he said; "I am sorry."

When they were outside in the roadway, little Morice, still clinging to his hand, said, suddenly:

"Why don't you come with us? We should like you to."

"Ah! you are kind to think of that, little Morice," he answered; "but that can not be."

She was the first to think of it, the only one to think of it, and he was grateful. He stooped and kissed her, placed her between her mother and grandfather, whilst Fladge clambered to the back seat, with his usual weak grin of satisfaction at everybody and everything. And then there were the final good-byes, Mr. Larcom being absent-minded and flurried, with the reins in his hands, and almost too preoccupied to say farewell, and Lucy as grave as John Woodhatch now, and with tears swimming in her eyes.

"Good-by," she murmured, "and for all kindness here, our thanks."

"Good-by," he answered, softly.

"And we'll see ye again, John, let us hope. And send ye all the news, and let ye know how we're faring shortly. And good-by to ye," cried the parson, flourishing his whip.

"Good-by, old Alec," he replied. But he looked at Lucy, and as they drove away he raised his big felt hat to her, and she marvelled once again at the meaning on that rugged, sunburned face.

They were gone, and he turned very quickly and like a man of business to the work he had on hand.

"*Now, then,*" he said, sternly.

CHAPTER III.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE ACCOUNTS.

John Woodhatch seemed to resume all his old energy with the departure of his guests from Farm Forlorn. Before his friends, he had been reserved and stern; with their absence from his homestead, he was more like the old master than he had been during the last week—and yet, after all, the master with a difference. The friendly smile was altogether gone, and was not likely to return, with the dead weight at his heart; the eager eyes were bright and searching, without the light and love in them which had been always there, and the whole expression of the face was marked by the new determination which had been upon his mind some days, and which he had kept back from all concerned in him.

But the men about the farm, the women-servants in his employ, were to be told readily what he had concealed from Larcom and his daughter; the hour had come to tell them, and he had been waiting for it patiently. With the exodus of his last friends—or those who professed to be his friends still, he thought bitterly—there had arrived the hour for action, and the time to end it all.

"Let everybody on the farm come to me in half an hour's time," he said to those who were nearest to him at the moment after the Larcoms' departure; then he strode away, and was busy in his own rooms until the time appointed. He wrote two letters there—one to Mrs. Gregory Dorward, 10 Bolter's Rents, Drury Lane, and a second to Mrs. Brake, Poste Restante, Paris—and they were both dashed off at a rate which betokened he had made up his mind what to say, and how to say it. These letters he put in the breast-pocket of his coat, to post at some future period with his own hands; then he packed with the same haste a big portmanteau which he had not used since his last trip to London, five years ago, thrusting in clothes, papers, bank-notes, loose money, with very little heed as to the method of arrangement. A man bent on flight from his pursuers would have packed in that wild fashion, as against time, which might discomfit him, if he were not quick in preparation; and yet, when the task was accomplished, he sat down and stared at his work in a dreamy, absent fashion.

To the minute of the appointed time he was at his post in the farm parlor, with a crowd of eager, sunburned faces surrounding him, looking in at the windows, peering round the doors—the whole retinue of Farm Forlorn, the rank and file of the grim regiment which he had enlisted in his service, and, as he had hoped, in God's, until this day of disappointment. They were all there, and, massed together thus, presented a strange feature of the scene—a record, as it were—and as he thought in that hour—of the hopeless nature of the task which he had set himself so long ago to carry out.

No wonder he had failed, with this material to work upon, and with his one theory that man required but his chance to pass from darkness into light, seeing the one example in himself of what an honest resolution might aspire to. All this his own intolerable conceit, he knew now, for in himself he was a total failure! He had failed in securing happiness, or confidence, or common respect — no one trusted him, and everybody turned away from him when self-interest, or a blind selfishness which knew not what was best, impelled man or woman to take the side against him. He had been simply tolerated all these years, and there was no one really to care for him, and plenty of folk to suspect him and his motives, and to set against him always the history of his early life. No one had believed in repentance but himself, and his had been a mad belief which had ended in this fashion. So be it. He had done his best, but it was not for a man like him to succeed in Christian work. He was not good enough. He gave up, now, for good!

In a few words he told this to his startled listeners, regarding them gravely, as parts of the gigantic failure to which he had succumbed, but he spoke not unkindly, only like one who had made up his mind to end this comedy of philanthropy summarily and completely.

"You will do as well without me in the world as with me, lads," he concluded; "you will get your living, most of you, honestly and fairly, I hope—and there will be no one to preach at you any more. It is a wide county, and there is plenty of room, and, after all, it is not the worst recommendation to come from Woodhatch's farm. And so good luck to you, men and women, and don't forget the master altogether. He will think of you very often."

The faces betrayed blank astonishment rather than regret, but there were one or two lips quivering in the crowd, one or two hearts touched by the few rough words of explanation he had proffered them, one or two rugged, desperate natures which he had distrusted most, the most affected and cast down.

"And now you have only to receive your wages in advance—to pack up to-day and go," he said, drawing a large canvas bag of money to his side.

"Now!" echoed one or two, and "To-day!" was murmured like a chorus in the background.

"It all ends in another hour—and I shall be very glad if you have all left by that time," he answered. "It will put you to some inconvenience, especially you women, but I will remember that in your wages. Money must make the amends it can for the extra trouble which I give you. And if you are not satisfied with what I give, tell me so at once; there will be no time for reparation the next day."

"But the horses — the crops — the stock?" asked many wondering voices.

"They are sold. The stock will be fetched away almost immediately," he added, looking at his watch.

"And the farm, sir—who takes the farm?"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"No one takes it," he answered; "it is my own property, and will not be let again. This is Farm Forlorn, and will remain so to the end."

They did not understand him, but they asked him no more questions. There was that in his looks which checked further inquiries from his dependents; there had been always times when John Woodhatch was a man not be trifled with, or even reasoned with, and this was one of them. They were to receive their wages and depart; and they were liberal wages which he paid them in full of all demands, being prone that day to mark their progress with gold pieces. Only one man of the number responded to the hint conveyed to them a few minutes ago, and he had been there but three weeks, and had been dissatisfied from the moment of his advent. He turned the money over in his hand, and thought it was not sufficient, considering the lateness of the season, and the long distance to his native place, where there might be his only chance of getting work again; but as John Woodhatch put his hand mechanically into his money-bag the man was hustled in hot haste from the room, and thrust out by impetuous and indignant force into the roadway. The master did not seem to notice this outburst of virtuous feeling—the resolve that his liberality should not be imposed upon by this new "greedy hound"—and presently he was sitting there alone, having shaken hands with the last servant and received the last good wishes for his future welfare.

And there he sat till they were gone, the noise and confusion in the big farm-house troubling him not at all. Men came from distant farms, true to their appointed time, and drove away every living thing upon the estate; the servants melted by degrees; there was a grand exodus toward Skegs Shore village, a long procession of people who were not living in the cottages round about the farm, and who, seized with John Woodhatch's impetuosity, hastened away at once.

Reuben Fladge, bringing the horse and trap homeward from the parson's house, pulled up, dismayed, at the first group which he encountered, and bawled forth his questions as to the meaning of it all, receiving it with open mouth and blinking eyes, and gasping for his breath after the news had been imparted to him.

"It's a lie; it ain't so. I tell you it's a lie!" he shouted, as he drove off again; stopping at each fresh group he met upon the way and asking the same questions, and vociferating his indignant denial of it all after each fresh supply of information, flourishing even his whip above his head in his excitement, and like the poor, half-mad thing he was.

"It ain't true. He wouldn't have forgot me like this, or told me naught about it. It's every bit a lie," he was muttering to himself still when he reached the farm, where he found the doors closed and the windows barred, as if Death had stepped into the house again. But the master was waiting for him. He *had* not forgotten him. All had been thought out very carefully, and John Woodhatch had never been more methodical.

He stepped out of the house, with the big portmanteau in his hands, and pitched it into the trap by the side of Reuben Fladge.

"You'll have to drive back to Skegs Shore, Fladge, and leave this with the station-master. I will call for it before the last train to Hull comes in to-night."

"But—but you ain't a-going away all at once like this?" jerked forth Fladge; "you ain't going to leave me here alone, master, without you? Oh! that can't be!"

"There, there; we must not have any raving in the broad daylight, Fladge," said John Woodhatch, taken aback by this demonstrative fellow, and remembering suddenly the hour of a previous parting with him, and the trouble he had been; "just sit there and listen to my instructions."

A firm, decisive tone was best with Reuben Fladge when the fit was on him of rash impulsiveness. The servant looked hard at the master, but was silent and attentive.

"You understand about that portmanteau—what I want done with it?" said John Woodhatch. Then he reiterated his instructions, and Reuben Fladge nodded his head, and, when the master had concluded, said,

"I'll take care of it till you come."

"No. You will leave it at the station, I tell you."

"But, look here—"

John Woodhatch would not wait for Reuben Fladge's argument upon this part of the question, but went on with farther instructions as to the future course of action of his subordinate.

"You will drive from the station to Bleathorpe—to Tolland's farm—and there remain till you hear from me."

"You said I wasn't to go there ever any more," Fladge muttered. "I don't like Tolland's farm."

"Why?"

"It ain't like home," he answered, sullenly; "this has only been my home. There's been bad luck everywhere else."

"Try and like it, Fladge. It may be yours some day," was the reply.

"Mine! Ho, ho! What would be the good of it to me?" he cried.

"Sell it, then, and do something better with the money. For it *is* yours, man," said Woodhatch, "and the deeds will reach you to-morrow in your own house."

"Good Gord!" exclaimed Fladge.

"At all events, it's a chance," remarked the master. "And every man should have his chance. Don't you see that yet?"

Fladge shook his head, and flicked the ears of the horse before him with his whip. He had recovered his equanimity, and was stolid and passive enough now.

"I don't want anything o' that sort," he said. "It's not in my line—it's not what I've been used to."

"There will be money to your account in Bleathorpe Bank, and you can't make a worse failure of it than I have. And," he added, "you may succeed."

"No—I shouldn't."

"But the thing is done," said John Woodhatch, with an angry stamp of his foot, "and can not be undone. You are the one man I have wronged in my life, in thinking you were the murderer of Morris Brake, and yet you are the only one who has been faithful to me, and will be sorry when I have gone. I am rich, and you are a poor dolt, looked down upon in Lincolnshire—and it is settled you shall have this farm. You hear this? Do with it what you will when I am gone—that is nothing to me—I shall not care what you do."

"Where are you going, master?" asked Fladge.

"That is a question you have no right to ask."

"Can't I go with you?"

"No. Impossible."

"That's all I want, Mr. Woodhatch," said Reuben, very slowly—"to be with you—or near you. I don't want no more than that—and not having it, nothin's any good to me. And I won't take nothin', and that's Gord's truth."

John Woodhatch turned away and walked the whole length of Farm Forlorn before he came back to the chaise in which this blank-visaged being was ensconced. He was almost unmanned. Here was one evidence, at least, and at last, of his work not having been in vain. A strange, burlesque evidence of his success, but marked by real gratitude and an unselfish affection, two of the rarest qualities under the sun.

"I am going away alone, and a long distance, where I shall be only at peace alone, Fladge," he said; "and I am never coming back."

"Oh, don't say that! All of a sudden, too, like this!"

"And you will make my going away a harder task than it is by taking any notice of it. And so, Fladge, drive to Tolland's farm after you have been to Skegs Shore again, and think it your home, and begin life afresh there."

"It ain't fit for me," muttered Fladge.

"I wish it."

"Ay," said Fladge, with a short nod, and without looking at the master again.

John Woodhatch walked back to the house, passed in and closed the door behind him, thus terminating all farther discussion with this dull-witted subordinate. He had issued his decree, and there was an end of it, he thought. He would benefit this man who did not care for benefits, and to whom benefits would not do any good. So much more waste money, but that did not matter. He could only offer his money, not his love, to a weakling like this; and though that might do even harm to such a being as Reuben Fladge, it was all he could do.

Reuben looked over his shoulder as the door of the farm-house closed noisily and took the hint which was conveyed by it. His master had not wished him good-by, and, though he might think he had finished with him thus, he was out of his reckoning this time, and no mistake. Reuben stared for a while at the farm-house, at the closed windows and doors, at the aspect of desolation which it seemed already to possess, and then, with a half groan, half sigh, born of the excess of thought which was troubling him that day, he drove off slowly in the direction of the railway station.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

OPEN FIRES.

WHETHER it is of wood or coal, the virtues of an open fire are these: By its peculiar heat action it warms the air of a room less than its walls and less than the occupants of the room, producing a comfortable warmth. It gives the most thorough ventilation, and it is the most cheerful as well as comfortable source of heat. Its faults are its expensiveness, and the greater trouble required in taking care of it.

Why does an open fire give a comfortable heat when the heat from a system of pipes is often oppressive, and sometimes stifling? Because of the great difference between the ways in which the fire and the hot pipes dispense their heat. The heat rays from an open fire pass directly through the air without much heating it; they heat any solid object in their way, whether it be the walls and furniture of the room or the person of the sitter, but they leave the air itself cool until this is heated in turn by radiation from the walls. The occupant of the room does not have to wait for this secondary radiation; he is impartially and promptly warmed, like any other solid object in the room, by the direct glow of the fire, while the air around him may remain comparatively cool. It does not, in point of fact, get to be quite as warm as the walls and furniture, while by choosing a less or greater distance from the fire, or by the use of screens, you can adjust the heat of direct radiation exactly to your personal comfort.

This is not the case with any other system of heating. Warmed pipes, a stove at anything short of red heat, and a hot-air register directly heat the air itself, leaving the walls comparatively cool. The room is full of hot air, which you can not temper instantly to your comfort as you can temper the radiation of the open fire, while the walls remain cooler than the air when these heating appliances are used, and abstract heat from the occupants of the room instead of supplying heat to them, as they do when warmed by the open fire.

For these reasons the open fire is the most comfortable way of heating. As to its virtue in producing ventilation, an open fire "is powerful enough to draw into the room all the air it wants, and for this purpose will use indiscriminately all openings, whether inlets or outlets, if necessary." If, as often happens, when this is cold, and the house is not tightly built, the fire may easily cause too much ventilation, so that the feet become chilled, and the temperature of the room does not reach a comfortable degree of warmth. In such a case a register supplying warmed air from a furnace below is a necessary supplement to the open fires; a similar compensation is needed in large buildings where hot pipes are used to warm the halls. The open fire, indeed, is often in our climate a luxury for a single room, rather than a sufficient means of heating the house; but the open fire is a great comfort. Other sources of heat may usefully supplement it; but no other, at whatever expense of money and scientific contrivance, can take the place of it. I have known more than one builder of his own house who has found out that its winter comfort was by no means wholly decided by the height of the thermometer.

The cheerfulness of the open fire requires no eulogy. But the open flame, whether of wood, soft coal, or hard coal, is a costly luxury. Soft coal is with us one of the most expensive kinds of fuel; but it is worth remembering that one good lump of it upon a hard-coal fire will fill a room with cheerful flame for hours.

Of the heat furnished by an ordinary open coal fire only about one-eighth is utilized in a room. This waste has led inventors to contrive various means for retaining a part of the heat that escapes directly up the chimney. The principle is to warm an ascending current of air in proximity to the fire, but not to an excessive degree, and to disengage the air near the top of the room. Galton has devised one of the best of these contrivances, but it is little known in this country. In any fire-place the forms and materials employed make a good deal of difference with the amount of heat saved. Brick and tiles are better than iron for the backing; the grate should project a certain distance into the room, and a projecting chimney-piece absorbs and radiates a considerable amount of heat. The fashion, now going out, of concealing the mantel-piece with a board, suitably trimmed and decorated, was thus a thrifty as well as a pretty one, the fringes and other coverings of the false mantel-piece serving to retain and distribute the heat of the fire beneath.

The hob is an attachment that should be found upon the grate of every open fire. Any one can make a good hob in five minutes. Take a piece of stout wire one-fifth of an inch in diameter and twenty to twenty-four inches long, bend it into the shape of a long capital U, five or six inches broad, put the points of this U between the two upper grate bars and bend down the loop of it until it stays level, and you will have a convenient movable hob, and quite as good a one as can be bought for money. The hob and kettle are very serviceable for evaporating water, according to the plan I have recommended for keeping the air moist. A hob thus makes the grate fire in the parlor more healthful, while the tea-kettle simmering upon it adds its own element of domestic comfort.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A CANADIAN who is a stickler for independence in political action spent a recent election day in his cellar, where solicitors for votes couldn't find him.

By the aid of an electric device German engineers have succeeded recently in procuring very accurate photographic views of the earth from ascending balloons.

It is claimed that Georgia contributed the word *bogus* to the vocabulary of the United States. The story is that one William A. Bogus conducted a land lottery in Augusta, and succeeded in swindling nearly everybody there before he decamped for Arkansas.

Professor Proctor says that Jupiter is in the state in which the earth was thirty-four million years ago. Thus does the progressive science of astronomy usurp the functions of the oldest inhabitant.

The earliest product of the spring, the foliage of kite tails on telegraph wires, will soon make its appearance.

In a Wheeling (West Virginia) theatre a man in the audience hissed when others applauded. A policeman arrested him on the charge of having made a disturbance.

"Did not the applause make more noise than the hissing?" the judge asked a witness on the following morning.

The witness said he supposed it did.

"Did the officer arrest those who applauded?" was another question.

And the witness said, with some surprise, that he did not.

"Then," said the judge, "I will discharge this prisoner. The right to applaud implies the right to hiss."

When an artist, professional man, or tradesman in England secures the patronage of some noted person, he is said to be "in the swim," and his fortune is made. Lord Beaconsfield employed a physician who was "a cross between an old school and a new school." The doctor was thenceforth "in the swim," and now his practice is enormous.

It is said that the Mormon missionaries in the South have never made a negro convert to Mormonism.

There came to the Governor a few days ago a letter addressed to "Mrs. Grover Cleveland," in which the wife of a Mississippi legislator wrote that she had named her boy after "your illustrious husband," and begged the photographs and autographs of the Governor and the hypothetical Mrs. Cleveland, and a present which might be kept for the child. The bachelor Governor was in doubt as to whether he ought to open the envelope, and the council of State officers that sat on the question was divided in opinion. The Governor cast a deciding vote in favor of breaking the seal. He will grant the woman's request so far as is at present in his power.

They tell of an elderly Parisian toper who, while making his way home in the darkness, stumbled up against the iron railing surrounding the base of the Obelisk. After circling around the shaft several times, feeling his way as he went, he cried in despair, "Oh, the miserable wretches! they've gone and locked me in."

The *Illustrated London News* has a picture of Mr. Gladstone "falling" a tree. "The attitude of the venerable statesman," says a Canadian journal, "and the shape of the cut, throw a flood of light on what has hitherto been a mystery, namely, how it was that he did not long ago run out of trees."

According to a writer in Washington, women dressed in costly attire, but wearing very muddy shoes, were seen standing on the new satin-covered furniture at one of the White House receptions, in order that they might obtain a view of what was going on in the Blue Room.

It is suggested that Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, should write a book entitled *Thirty Days in the United States Senate*, after Benton's *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*, and that, if prepared with equal fidelity to actual occurrences, it could not fail to be very entertaining.

On March 12 a trustee of the East River Bridge said that the bridge would be opened in sixty days. Adding sixty days' "grace" for delays resulting from unforeseen causes, it may be considered probable that the bridge will be in use by the middle of July.

A member of the Maine Legislature declared that he was opposed to a certain bill "*in toto* and *seriatim*." The Boston *Herald* says that if he had known more Latin his opposition would have been stronger.

Wendell Phillips recently told a visitor how near the history of the abolition struggle came to being written by Garrison—the man, said Phillips, who ought to have written it, and who meant to. "At one time he took a retired study for the purpose, moved his books and papers into it, planning to work at the matter diligently, and—never entered the room again."

It is said that Richard Dalton, the nine-year-old son of the superintendent of the Senate folding-room, is the only person who ever remained in the Senate-chamber during an executive session who was not a sworn officer of that body. This he did on the Sunday on which the last session came to a close. When his father asked him why he remained in the chamber, he gave the very natural reason that he wanted to see what the Senators did.

One of the weather prophets, doubtless thinking it was time that something be done to protect his class from popular vengeance, predicted rain for St. Patrick's Day. A patriotic wearer of the green, who has "walked" on every St. Patrick's Day for nearly half a century, was once asked on the eve of that anniversary what he thought the prospect was for pleasant weather on the morrow. The old man shook his head dubiously. "But I don't know," he said, brightening up; "there was *wan* foine Pathrick's Day. I think it was along in the thirties."

The Governor of Michigan has pardoned Samuel Ullman, who was sentenced at Kalamazoo in 1855 to life imprisonment for murder. After twenty-eight years Ullman's innocence has been proved. Regret for the great wrong inflicted upon him should take the form of some effort to make reparation. His case is another warning against taking the still greater hazard of inflicting capital punishment on the strength of circumstantial evidence.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says, gleefully: "The 'possum season is about over, but the Georgia punkin yam is at its juiciest. This is where the Empire State of the sweet sunny Southland gets away with the rest of the world."

In Brunswick, Maine, a woman's pet cat fell sick. The family physician treated the sufferer, but with no good result. The undertaker composed its remains in a $12 50 casket, and its mistress cabled her husband in Europe that the end had come.

A rural member of the New Jersey Assembly introduced a bill some time ago "to prevent the spread of contagious diseases of animals," which provided that poultry dying of a contagious disease should be buried within twenty-four hours, not less than two feet under-ground, and imposed a heavy penalty for violations of the law. The bill slumbered in a committee until a day or two ago, when some wag managed to get inserted in it the following section, which appeared in the printed bill on the members' desks:

"SECTION 2. And be it enacted that there shall be erected over the grave, tomb, or sepulchre of such deceased hen, cat, goose, duck, dog, drake, peacock, rat, polecat, or other fowl, a suitable tombstone, tablet, or monument, not to exceed fifty feet in height, or to cost more than $13 50, upon which shall be inscribed the species, sex, and age of said deceased, and what knocked him out, with suitable poetical finish."

BEDOUIN MERCHANTS OF THE RED SEA.

GLASS-BEAD SHOP IN THE BAZAR.

PORTERS IN THE BAZAR.

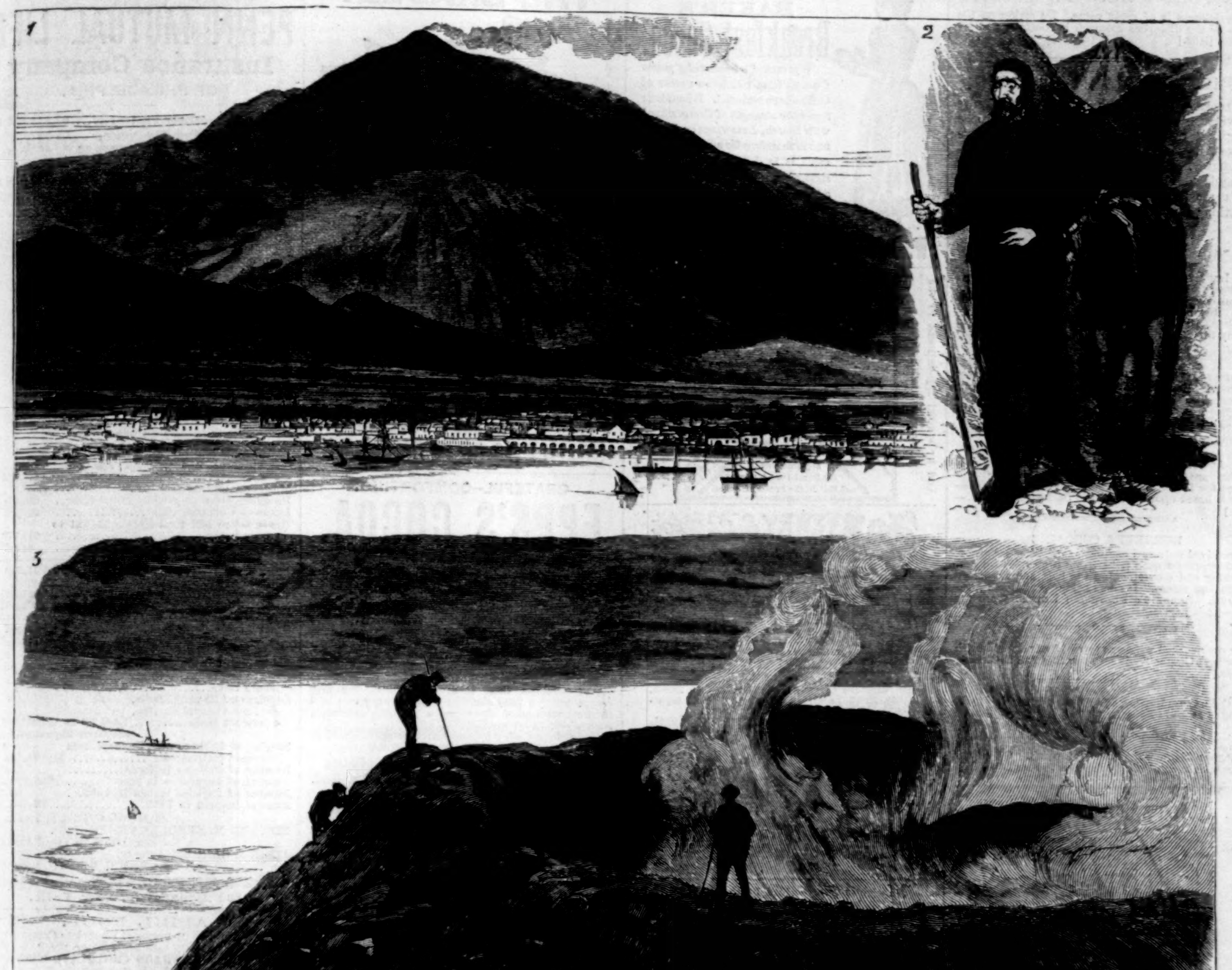
SKETCHES IN CAIRO.

THE CAPITAL OF EGYPT.

The bazars of the Egyptian capital, with their little niches rather than shops, occupied by different classes of tradesmen sitting from morn till eve amidst the pile of their customary wares, afford great variety of studies of costume and character, in which the artist finds abundant subjects for his pencil. The sale of personal ornaments for the female sex among those Eastern nations, who are very apt to treat their women as decorated toys, forms a considerable part of minor traffic; and necklaces of glass beads, though it is not unlikely that the beads were made in Birmingham, are in constant request among the ladies, who come to the bazar wrapped up in shawls and veils, according to Mussulman rules of feminine modesty, to buy the trinkets which they wear in the secluded harem, either to please the eyes of their lords and masters, or to provoke the envy of less-favored sisters in the domestic habitation.

As a contrast to this rather frivolous trade, the next sketch presents the wild-looking figures of Bedouin Arabs from the bordering countries on the shores of the Red Sea, who have brought to the Cairo market spoils of the chase, horns and tusks of hunted animals, or valuable skins for the tanner, or precious stones, gums, and other gifts of nature, to be purchased by Syrian and Coptic merchants. The laborious class of porters, or carriers of burdens, as in every such place, are doomed to waste much of their time in waiting for hire; they can not always indulge in coffee and cigarettes, however cheap, but they can always go to sleep.

Cairo is interesting to travellers as being the chief centre of Mohammedan learning and culture, and also from the fact that in architecture and general appearance it is one of the most characteristic of Oriental cities. The older portions of the city have narrow and crooked streets, are ill kept and badly paved; but there are hundreds of beautiful mosques, and many old private residences and palaces of great magnificence.



1. Mount Ætna, Catania in Foreground. 2. Mountaineer. 3. On the Edge of the Crater. 4. The English House. 5. An Ascent by Night.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA, SICILY.

MOUNT ÆTNA.

Mount Ætna, called by the Sicilians Mongibello, a corruption of the Saracen "Gibbel Uttamat," or Mountain of Fire, rises to the height of nearly eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Viewed from a distance, the cone presents a symmetrical appearance, but climbers find it to be exceedingly diversified, and studded with a large number of minor cones. Looking down from the central cone, one beholds a most beautiful prospect, the minor elevations being picturesquely grouped, and richly clothed with wood.

About eighty eruptions of Ætna are recorded in history, and one of the most remarkable took place in 1792. The overflow of lava continued for a whole year, the burning streams being often thirty feet in height. In 1669, during a terrific eruption, a lava stream reached the ramparts of Catania, sixty feet high, and poured over in a fiery cascade. The solidified lava may still be seen curling over the top of the ramparts like a frozen water-fall. In the eruption of 1832 the overflow of lava was not confined to the principal crater. At numerous places below it the mountain opened, and from these chasms issued fiery and devastating streams, which, uniting in their downward flow, formed a river of molten lava eighteen miles long, a mile in width, and thirty feet in height. This eruption was accompanied with violent explosions.

The appearance of Mount Ætna as seen from the entrance to the harbor of Catania is shown in sketch No. 1. At the foot of the mountain lies the beautiful city of Catania, supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians. No. 3 is the principal crater, the interior of which is incrusted with sulphur and salts to the depth of about one hundred yards. The bottom of the crater is quite level and hard; but the adventurous climbers who descend to it during periods of mountain quietude are often startled by sinking up to their knees in the loose cinders.

The English House, or Casa Inglisi (sketch No. 4), was originally built by Englishmen, and hence its name. The present structure was erected by the Italian government, and is rented to mountaineers at a small rate per day. It is furnished with wooden bunks, arranged against the wall. The building is also used as an infirmary. It stands about two miles from the edge of the crater, and is covered with snow from August to the middle of June.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In sea-sickness is of great value. Its action on the nerves of the disturbed stomach is soothing and effective.—[*Adv.*]

COMFORT! WARMTH! LIFE!

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS impart vitality and vigor to the blood and fill it with nervous energy. A distinguished lawyer said: "I have on five Allcock's plasters and feel like an electric battery."

Frauds may imitate the appearance of Allcock's plasters and call them porous, but in everything else they are dead failures.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES

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Net Assets, December 31, 1881		**$7,314,655 03**
Receipts during the year,		
For Premiums	$1,358,136 62	
For Interest	460,737 30	1,818,873 92
		$9,133,528 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death	$468,755 04	
Matured Endowments	62,932 00	
Surrendered Policies	94,726 22	
Cash and Note Dividends	287,294 51	
Re-insurance	6,894 99	
Total paid policy-holders	**$920,602 76**	
Taxes and Legal Expenses	33,183 52	
Salaries, Medical Fees, and Office Expenses	78,154 91	
Commissions to Agents, Rents, &c.	115,907 40	
Agency and other Expenses	65,655 99	
Advertising, Printing, Supplies	17,636 01	
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, &c.	7,649 93	1,238,790 52
Net Assets, Jan'y 1, 1883		**$7,894,738 43**

ASSETS.

Philadelphia and other City Loans, R.R. and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks	$3,650,554 40
Mortgages and Ground Rents	2,043,431 90
Premium Notes secured by Policies, &c.	665,876 78
Loans on Collaterals, &c.	640,867 00
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans	829,778 53
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand	64,229 82
Net Ledger Assets as above	**$7,894,738 43**
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums	140,273 25
Interest due and accrued	56,430 44
Market Value of Stocks, &c., over cost	392,365 60
Gross Assets, January 1, 1883	**$8,483,807 72**

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due	$165,634 07	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks	6,854,849 00	
Surplus on Life Rate End'ts, &c., and General Surplus, 4 per cent. basis	1,463,324 65	$8,483,807 72

Surplus at 4½ per cent., Pennsylvania Standard (estimated)	**$1,809,462 85**
Number of Policies in force	**14,972**
Amount of Insurance in force	**$38,194,522**
Number of Policies issued in 1882	**2,634**
Amount Insured in 1882	**$6,495,480**

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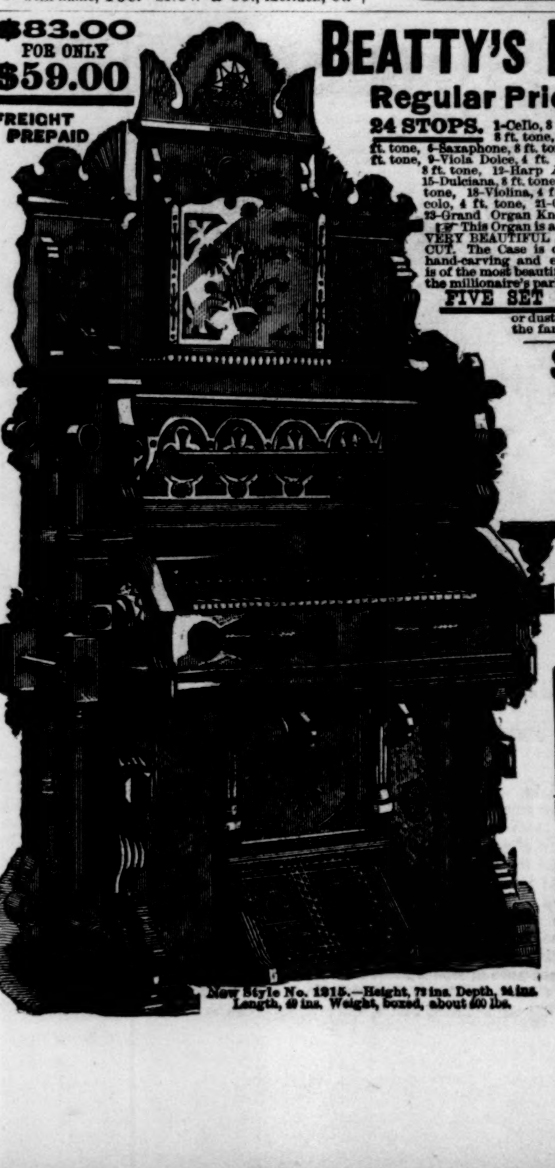

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